

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

TESTIMONY OF THE EARLS OF DUNRAVEN.

PART FOURTH AND LAST.

IT is with real regret that I approach the end of this beautiful record—beautiful in its transparent truthfulness, candour, and courage—the moral courage of standing by the truth, so often lacking in men who would readily ride a steeple chase, march up to the cannon's mouth, risk life to save life—do anything but avow an unpopular belief.

Lord Adare's conversations with Home when he was entranced—conversations, in fact, with the spirits that for the time possessed or controlled him, are of curious interest.

One day they talked of the population question. "Famines and epidemics," Home said, "are in the natural order, and the resulting misery may seem greater to you than it really is; but there are other causes that will check the increase of the human race. Cannot you understand that men, by cultivating the intellectual qualities—the higher organs contained in the upper portion of the brain—will arrive at such a condition that their sole gratification will be in the pursuit of all that is beautiful, harmonious, and good? The upper brain will be more and more developed, the lower less, the animal nature weaker, and man will no longer indulge his passions and lusts. Man will become spiritualised, and very different from what he is now."

"Allan Kardec died on Sunday, the 4th. A few days later, Home and I were in the dressing-room, about 11 A.M., and heard loud raps on the floor between us. The alphabet was asked for, and the following message given:—*Bon jour, mon ami Daniel; je crois que je me suis trompé un peu la bas en fait d'identité.*—ALLEN KARDEC.' [Good day, my friend Daniel; I believe that I was a little mistaken down there as to the fact of identity.]"

One of the most remarkable of the physical manifestations recorded by Lord Adare is that in which Mr. Home, at Ashley House, was carried out of one window—said to be seventy feet from the ground, and brought in at another. The following is Lord Adare's (the present Earl of Dunraven's) account of this astounding manifestation—astounding, however, only to those who are ignorant of the power of spirits. Of course, if they can raise heavy bodies from the ground, as they often do, the distance from the ground need make little difference.

In the midst of a séance at Ashley House, in the presence of Lord Lindsay (the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres) and Lord Adare (now Earl of Dunraven), as recorded by the latter—

“Home then got up and walked about the room. He was both elongated and raised in the air. He spoke in a whisper, as if the spirits were arranging something. He then said to us—‘Do not be afraid, and on no account leave your places;’ and he went out into the passage. Lindsay suddenly said, ‘O, good heavens! I know what he is going to do: it is too fearful.’

“ADARE: ‘What is it?’

“LINDSAY: ‘I cannot tell you, it is too horrible! Adah says that I must tell you; he is going out of the window in the other room, and coming in at this window.’

“We heard Home go into the next room, heard the window thrown up, and presently Home appeared standing upright outside our window; he opened the window and walked in quite coolly. ‘Ah,’ he said, ‘you were good this time,’ referring to our having sat still and not wished to prevent him. He sat down and laughed.

“CHARLIE: ‘What are you laughing at?’

“HOME: ‘We were thinking that if a policeman had been passing, and had looked up and seen a man turning round and round along the wall in the air, he would have been much astonished. Adare, shut the window in the next room.’

“I got up, shut the window, and in coming back remarked that the window was not raised a foot, and that I could not think how he had managed to squeeze through. He arose and said, ‘Come and see.’ I went with him; he told me to open the window as it was before; I did so. He told me to stand a little distance off; he then went through the open space, head first, quite rapidly, his body being nearly horizontal and apparently rigid. He came in again, feet foremost, and we returned to the other room. It was so dark I could not see clearly how he was supported outside. He did not appear to grasp or rest upon the balustrade, but rather to be swung out and in. Outside each window is a small balcony or ledge, nineteen inches deep, bounded by stone

balustrades, eighteen inches high. The balustrades of the two windows are seven feet four inches apart, measuring from the nearest points. A string-course, four inches wide, runs between the windows at the level of the bottom of the balustrade; and another three inches wide at the level of the top. Between the window at which Home went out, and that at which he came in, the wall recedes six inches. The rooms are on the third floor. Home presently got up again, told us not to be frightened or to move, and left the room. Adah Menken told Lindsay that they were going to show us the water test; but, for some reason or other, I suppose they were unable to do so, for Home came in again directly, sat down and said, 'Dan must awake now, he will be very nervous; but you must bear with him, it will pass off.' I asked Lindsay how Adah had spoken to him on the three occasions. He could scarcely explain; but said it did not sound like an audible human voice; but rather as if the tones were whispered or impressed inside his ear. When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window; he remained in a nervous condition for a short time, then gradually became quiet. Having been ordered not to tell him, we said nothing of what had happened.

"We now had a series of very curious manifestations. Lindsay and Charlie saw tongues or jets of flame proceeding from Home's head. We then all distinctly heard, as if it were a bird flying round the room, whistling and chirping, but saw nothing, except Lindsay, who perceived an indistinct form resembling a bird. There then came a sound as of a great wind rushing through the room, we also felt the wind strongly; the moaning rushing sound was the most weird thing I ever heard. Home then got up, being in a trance, and spoke something in a language that none of us understood; it may have been nonsense, but it sounded like a sentence in a foreign tongue. Lindsay thought he recognised some words of Russian."

This is the record of Lord Dunraven. The place has often been examined. There is no "human possibility" of a man passing from one window to the other. The fact that Home was carried in a horizontal position out of one window and brought in at the other, is given on the authority of two members of the House of Lords, and we may say two of its most intelligent members.

Omitting many interesting séances attended by remarkable manifestations, and attested by persons of high intelligence and social position, not likely to be deceived, and certainly having no motive to deceive, I finish this record by giving the testimony of two ladies, respecting what has been called the *Fire Test*, or the

power of Spirits over the action of heat. My first testimony is the following letter from the late Mrs. S. C. HALL, to the late EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

“15 Ashley Place, July the 5th, 1869.

“Dear Lord Dunraven,—You have requested me to recall the circumstances of a *séance* that took place here several weeks ago. I have much pleasure in doing so, but I never take notes. I am, however, certain of the facts; though I shall not be able to place them in the order in which they occurred.

“We were nine (a greater number than Mr. Home likes); we were seated round the table as usual, in the small drawing-room, which communicates with a much larger room; the folding doors were pushed back into the wall, and the portiers unclosed. I think there was one lamp burning over the table, but a very large fire was blazing away in the large room—I know there was a great deal of light. The Master of Lindsay, the Rev. Mr. Y——, and his wife, Mr. Hall and myself, Mr. Home, and the Misses Bertolacci were present. We sat for some little time before the tremulous motion that so frequently indicates stronger manifestations commenced, but it was quickly followed by raps, not only on the table, but in different parts of the room; the table was moved up and down,—lifted perfectly off the ground—made ‘light’ and ‘heavy’ at the request of one or two of the gentlemen present; and after the lapse of, I suppose, nearly an hour, Mr. Home went into a trance. Presently he pushed his chair, or his chair was pushed away—quite away from the table. He got up: walked about the room in his usual manner; went to the fire-place; half knelt on the fender stool; took up the poker and poked the fire, which was like a red-hot furnace, so as to increase the heat; held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire, with his hand, a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in *both* hands, as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room; where, seated round the table, we were all watching his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat; and I saw Mr. Home, after standing for about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall’s chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head! I have often since wondered that I was not frightened; but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said,—‘Is it not hot?’ Mr. Hall answered,—‘Warm, but not hot!’ Mr. Home had moved a little way, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled and seemed quite pleased; and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall’s white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads over the red coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid, the coal still red, showing beneath the hair; then after, I think four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and taking the coal off Mr. Hall’s

head, he said (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in trance, he always speaks), addressing Mrs. Y——, ‘Will you have it?’ She drew back; and I heard him murmur, ‘Little faith—little faith.’ Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burnt their fingers. I said, ‘Daniel, bring it to me; I do not fear to take it.’ It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Hall’s head, but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put out my right hand, but he murmured, ‘No, not that; the other hand.’ He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, ‘warm;’ yet when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that Mrs. Y—— took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night he found a quantity of cinder dust. Mr. Home was elongated, and all the manifestations that evening were very remarkable; but I believe your Lordship requested me to relate only what I remember of the coal test.

“Dear Lord Dunraven, sincerely yours,

“ANNA MARIA HALL.”

(Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

“The following is an additional case of the fire test witnessed at a *séance* held at Lady Louisa ——’s, at Brighton, furnished me by the Countess M. de Pomar. Lady Gomm has permitted me to make use of her name in corroboration of the statement about the red-hot coal being placed in her hand.

“Mr. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room; played the piano; stood behind Mr. Douglas’s chair, who also went into a sleep or trance; and Mr. Home appeared to be speaking with some one about him, and to magnetize him; he said it was for his good, and would remove his headache finally. Mr. Home went to the fire and took out a large red-hot mass of coal, which he held in his extended hands, and blew upon to keep it alight. He walked up and down the room with it, then went to Lady Louisa and wanted to put it into her hands, but she drew back. He then said, ‘No, you must not have it, for if you have no faith it will burn you.’ Lady Gomm extended her hands, saying, ‘I will take it without fear, for I have faith.’ Mr. Home then placed the burning mass in her hands, and she did not feel it at all, although she held it for at least one minute. It was afterwards put on a sheet of paper, which directly began to blaze, and had a great hole burned in it.”

I may also properly add the following testimony of Captain Smith, not that it is needed, but because every such testimony has its value, and is most honourable to those who thus bear witness to the truth :—

"Captain Gerard Smith has kindly furnished me with the following notes relative to the *séances* at which he was present:—

"In No. 46, the hand which brought the sprig of box was distinctly visible as it pushed the curtains aside, which partially overhung the window, and at our request it was again subsequently shown on the table, close to where Home was sitting.

"P. 41, with regard to the footnote, I am able distinctly to state, that the only occasions upon which Home left the room were to fetch the lemon, and at the conclusion of this particular manifestation, to replace it in the spot he had taken it from.

"No. 49, p. 94, when I entered the room Home was walking about with the accordion held in his left hand only, and it was playing; not a distinct air, but a plaintive kind of dirge, now loud, and then dying away till it became inaudible. When the spirit moved from Lord Adare's side, it seemed to pass over the table with a sound like the rustling of silver paper; Home then rose and stood at the window with his right arm extended, and the spirit seemed to sweep down until it rested with both hands on his outstretched arm, looking up into his face. From the position in which I sat the profile of the face was perfectly visible to me, and when the two faces approached each other to kiss, there was no apparent difference in the degree of density of the two figures.

"I have nothing further to add. The remainder of the manifestations which occurred when I was present, have been most accurately and truthfully described.

"GERARD SMITH,
"Captain, Scots Fusilier Guards."

I cannot close this record without giving my personal testimony as to the impression made upon me by Daniel D. Home and the two Earls of Dunraven, the witnesses of so many of his marvellous manifestations. Though I often saw Home in Malvern and in London, I never attended a *séance* with him, or saw any manifestations; but I formed an idea of his character. He seemed to me extremely kind, affectionate, and of childlike transparency, without the wish or power to deceive, impressible, sensitive, and with the common virtues and faults of the artistic and mediumistic temperament. Few men have had more or warmer friends, and those who know him best, though they may be most sensible of his faults, have for him still the warmest affection and appreciation.

I have given my opinion of the late Earl of Dunraven, who was in every way a most competent witness. The present Earl is too well known by his writings, and his speeches in the House of Lords, and public addresses, to require endorsement, and his

testimony to what he has seen and heard of the Facts of Spiritual Manifestations does him great credit, and stamps him an honest man and a true philosopher.

The late Earl of Dunraven, in a letter to me, which I have published to show his approval of a review of his testimony to the truth of Spiritualism in the *New York Times*, of which journal I was then the London correspondent, alludes to the testimony of M. Leon Favre, at that time Consul-General of France under the Empire. The following is the account of his case as given by William Howitt in *The Spiritual Magazine* for 1869:—

THE HISTORY OF A SPIRITUALIST—ABRIDGED FROM THE
“REVUE SPIRITUALISTE.”

The Spiritualist, who gives us his experiences in the mysterious regions of this extraordinary phase of human life, is no other than M. Leon Favre, the Consul-General of France. It is copied by M. Piérart from the *Magnétiseur de Genève*, to which it has been contributed by the author himself. It is particularly satisfactory to have the authentic narrative of so distinguished a man; and more especially as the phenomena which he records occurred to him originally in a part of the world distant from Spiritualists in general. When we see the same manifestations with all their truths, their falsehoods, their singularities, contradictions and revealed verities, repeating themselves in every quarter of the globe, and to minds of every class, we are compelled to concede the reality of the dispensation itself; and, amid all its puzzles and discouraging bewilderments, to renew our convictions of its divine purpose, and of its ultimate and vast benefit to humanity.

“I arrived (says Favre) at the commencement of 1858 at Havana, and lodged at the Countess de Gaalon’s. Three days before my departure she asked me if I had ever seen a table turn. On my replying in the negative, a small table on three legs was brought; we placed our hands upon it, and in a few minutes I perceived that one foot of the table was raised from the floor. I thought this must be the effect of its swaying to the pressure of the hands of my friend, and I pressed vigorously on my side to counterpoise the weight. But the effect continued in spite of my effort, and I was astonished immediately to find the table announce the Christian name, and then the full name of my father. A conversation with it commenced, and my amazement was augmented by finding the table utter questions and answers in perfect accord with the character of my father, and that he would not have spoken otherwise if he had been still living.

“The next day it was the daughter of Madame Gaalon, a child of from eight to nine years of age, who sate with me. Térésa was more of a medium than her mother, and I was able at my ease to

observe the power which manifested itself under her hand, which no force of mine was able to counteract. Then came a spirit, 'Who are you—a man?' 'No.' 'A woman?' 'No.' 'What, then?' 'A child.' And the name pronounced revealed to me the apparition of a sister who died at the age of three or four years, when I myself was only seven or eight; that is to say, more than forty years before. Certainly I was not thinking at all of this child, whom I had so little known, and who retained so small a place in my memory. I continued my questions, but she could not answer them, alleging the early age of her departure. I asked her if she could find the spirit of my mother, which she promised to do at once, and in fact, in a few minutes afterwards, the table foot rose actively and announced my mother. Then commenced a curious conversation; my mother speaking to me of things with which I alone was acquainted, and put questions and gave answers not only remarkable in themselves, but stamped with the impression of her own character. This double séance upset me. Such an emotion would perhaps appear puerile to those who are familiar with this species of phenomena, and probably would seem absurd to those who deny them; but all my ideas were confounded.

"My hostess had no interest whatever in making a proselyte of me—her daughter still less. They acted only out of complaisance to satisfy my curiosity. Neither one nor the other knew my family, and did not understand the terms of the conversation with my father and mother, which were perfectly clear to me. I had resisted the force which raised the foot of the table by an effort much superior to that which Térésa could have applied had she been playing the comedy. I had, therefore, the consciousness of a power acting outside of Térésa and myself, and that power must possess intelligence, since it put and answered questions. What could this phenomenon be?

"I am an inquirer and analyst: the unknown attracts me powerfully—so much so, that the solution of the first mystery never satisfies me, and I never stop until I have reached the utmost limits of my comprehension. But at the same time I have been a magnetiser these thirty-five years, and I have thence acquired a tenacity of will and a force of concentration which prevents any discouragement. I resolved to sound the depth of this problem so irritating, which overturned my habitual ideas and half opened to me the portal of the infinite. For this purpose it was necessary that I should rely only on my own experiments, on the evidence of my own senses, and thence draw the inductions, which should appear to me relatively true, under the condition, which is the rule of all my belief, not to admit as definitive any solution, but always to reserve for my adoption a superior light, if it should appear to me.

"It was in this disposition that I arrived at Tampico, and began to magnetise a light stand or work-table. Every day for three months, in solitude and concentration of spirit, I and a companion held our hands for half an hour on the table. Certainly our will was strong, and our desire immense. Notwithstanding which the result was only disappointment. Still we persevered, and three months after our first attempt, the foot of the little table raised itself slowly and pronounced the name of my mother. We then proceeded conscientiously to the examination of the force which revealed itself, and as, above all, we desired not to be the dupes of our fancies, we endeavoured sometimes to press simultaneously, yet differently, on the table so as to prevent its movement, at others only to touch it with the tips of our fingers, to convince ourselves that the movement was not our own. Quickly, however, the table performed somersaults, like something mad,—sudden, impetuous, irresistible,—showing us that something was at work beyond our will, and even in opposition to it. We could no longer doubt of the acting power, nor of the independence of the character belonging to that power.

"But what was the nature of this force? Was it magnetism, electricity, a disengagement of a fluid in conditions not yet understood? We did not pause at the puerilities which represent these phenomena as those of an excited imagination, or of unconscious movement. These are childish objections, not worthy of the slightest notice.

"We began to read the works already published on this subject: *The Revue Spiritualiste de la Nouvelle Orleans*, edited by a good man, the lamented M. Barthet; *The Revue Spiritualiste de Paris*, conducted by M. Piérart, a conscientious and profoundly learned gentleman,—the only genuine scientific treasury of such facts that you can recommend to the inquirers after truth. To these we added all the works of M. Allan Kardec, who has become the accepted leader of a considerable number of adepts, and the originator of the term *Spiritisme*.

"We read with avidity, with astonishment and doubt. We there saw that the different schools—that of the Americans, which did not admit of successive existences, and called itself *Spiritual*; and the French, which adopted re-incarnation as its chief, and so to say, absolute principle, and called itself *Spirite*—that these two great factions of the same original thought attributed all the phenomena of which we have proved the prolegomena, to the intervention of spirits, that is to say to the souls of those who had lived visibly on the earth, and who continue to inhabit it in particular conditions which give them an action upon matter."

"Speak to them," said Kardec, "and they will answer you!" Well, M. Leon Favre and his friend spoke, and they were answered

by such a rushing hubbub of contradictory voices, as confounded and astounded them. It was like the eager congregation of spirits in Hades at the invocation of Ulysses or Æneas. Some assured them one thing was the only truth, some another, and other some gave them other dictations as the only eternal verity. Some were Christian, some Judaic, some Protestant, others Catholic, vast numbers were Pagan, and invited them back to Plato and Pythagoras. The spiritual noviciates had yet to learn that all the departed had taken along with them their faiths and feelings, and that beyond the great and important fact that all their spirits really continued their existence, their identities and their passions, all doctrinal truth must be learned here by the only tests of reason and history by which such truths can be established. "From the first step," says M. Leon Favre, "I was struck by contradictions, by daring hypotheses, by impossibilities of all sorts presented as realities, with which the mediumistic dictations abounded."

The inquirers determined to steer their way stoutly through this chaotic Babel of the spirit-world. They had still to learn that it had its Sotherns, its Addisons, and the like creatures who were ready to mystify simple and trusting believers.

"New phenomena presented themselves. Names completely unknown were rapped out by the table; others that had belonged to beloved objects stirred our hearts by tender recollections. What was strange was, that the movements of the table indicated faithfully the character of the person who professed to avail himself of the instrument: and this so well, that without words, and simply by its oscillation, the table revealed to us whether the spirit demanded our prayers, whether it was happy, whether known to us or unknown. These comparative experiences continued for six months, and we acquired a dexterity of comprehension perfectly compatible with the serious examination to which we had devoted ourselves.

"A singular circumstance occurred to corroborate the beliefs that began to form themselves in us. The table related a history very complicated concerning persons of our intimacy who lived two thousand leagues from us. The names, the places, the details, the analyses of characters, all were scrupulously correct. The events, full of an augmenting excitement, went so far that they might sensibly influence our future fortunes. Each day the table developed a new theme, and the spirits confirmed the recitals. We waited with anxiety the arrival of the courier, who should confirm or annihilate these revelations. It came at last. Not a single word in these mystifications, which had lasted three months, was true. They had amused us with a romance, and the better to deceive us, had made use of our relatives and friends, and we were ourselves personally interested in the conclusion of this phantasmagoria.

"But who was the mystificator? Doubts had before shaken us; but this romance? But these relatives, these friends, who at the distance of two thousand leagues, continued their ordinary lives, without an idea of the parts which were assigned to them; and whose habitudes and character were wrought into a rational story having a logical development, affecting us by the interest of events of importance to us, and the details of which were presented with the most minute exactness, so far as they were known to us, and thus more readily causing us to credit what was unknown? Could we in good faith attribute to our investigations an invention of which we ourselves were the dupes? What power in ourselves could possibly be engaged in such manifestations?"

"It must be observed that this romance had been conceived outside of ourselves; that we were simply auditors, palpitating with curiosity in the expectation of events which an invisible author was unrolling before us. There *was* then an author, an agent, a power; and as the table was merely an instrument like the pen which now traces out my thoughts, there was then an intelligent being acting exteriorly to us. Still further, this romancer had not invented everything. The names, the characters of the personages, their habits, the places of their abode, were painted with that precision which gives a perfect acquaintance. Who had revealed all this to the invisible one? Perhaps he had read all this in the reservoirs of our memories, and had thence drawn the elements of his fiction; or he may have transported himself to those whom he introduced into his narrative, and studied that which he had to describe. We had seen one or the other of these powers acting in connection with somnambules, but from what source did they really emanate? We were, in fact, compelled to admit that there was a power independent of us which moved the table; then, that this power was intelligent and manifested in itself all the characteristics of a human being, present but invisible."

This was an astounding *denouement*, in the progress of spiritual experiences; but who have not had such, who have not been confounded by them? They have been the startling discoveries of nearly all earnest inquirers. For a time all has gone on smoothly and deliciously. Friends and the nearest and most beloved connections have come apparently from the depths of the unknown to hail you with all their old affection, and to paint the elysium of immortality to which they assured you that you were advancing; and then in the midst of this heavenly confidence, has come the savage blow of a stupendous, gratuitous and barefaced lie, come as from the same hallowed lips, and struck you down into the abyss of midnight despair. Hundreds have never recovered this cruel catastrophe; but have abandoned in the bitterness of their souls, the whole province of Spiritualism, as wholly and solely diabolical. We have seen not long ago, one of these individuals, after a single

week's experience, fling down the instrument of his communications, and rush violently into print, denouncing the whole proceeding as the work of the devil. M. Leon Favre was of more sturdy and philosophical stuff. He adds calmly,—

"We continued our experiments, which confirmed constantly this theory which both our senses and our reason were compelled to admit, at least provisionally, as a truth, namely, that the manifestations were the work of an independent spirit. The table replied in all languages, revealed the name hidden in thought, presented the phenomenon of spirits coming without being called, to assist by their counsels, to utter words of affection, to declare truly future events, displaying an absolute independence, and exhibiting all the manners of the living."

M. Favre had the sense to perceive that *all* was not false; that the inhabitants of the invisible, at least on the confines of the visible, were very much like those still in the flesh, good and evil, loving and true, mischievous and mocking. Put upon his guard, he accepted the true and let the false drop; for the false like the clouds must in its own nature quickly disperse, leaving the true, like the sun, the moon, and the stars to shine on for ever. And who that has walked on bravely in spiritual as in daily life, has not soon had to acknowledge even single benefits which were ample recompence for all the falsehoods encountered? Who that discovers in the mine a diamond of princely value, regrets or remembers the host of false brilliancies, the world of mocking delusions, the cruel disappointments, the deadly toils through which he has had to hew his way?

We cannot follow M. Favre through his detailed experiences: they are extremely curious and interesting, adding luminous attestations to the now ascertained laws and persistent phenomena of this great branch of psychology. He soon adopted the planchette, and noticed with great satisfaction how each different spirit presented its different and characteristic style, both of diction and of caligraphy. He mentions an Abbé who used to attend their *séances* in Mexico, who frequently had the planchette under his left hand, a pencil in his right, and used, whilst talking and even arguing enthusiastically, to have two subjects going on in writing, each as different from the other as possible in handwriting, in topic, idiom, and style of reasoning. So far from the spirits following their particular wishes, or coinciding in their views, they displayed not only the utmost independence, but often the most obstinate contradiction of them. Sometimes when questions had been put to spirits, and they were about to answer a higher authority came in and forbade it. On one occasion a sceptical acquaintance asked them to give him a winning number in the lottery: they gave it, and it succeeded. He asked for another on the next occasion: they refused, on this plea, that they gave the number

to convince him ; they should not give another merely to gratify an avaricious desire. Nor could any answer afterwards be obtained to such requests.

But the most extraordinary truths now were communicated to them. In Mexico, in 1858, the spirits told them of the coming of the war in Italy, and they announced to them successively the victories of Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino, correctly. They also made a prediction regarding M. Favre's personal affairs, which realised itself nine months afterwards.

Here we may pause till M. Favre has completed his important narrative, when we may have a few remarks to offer upon it. In the meantime we cannot avoid noticing the vast difference betwixt the careful and persevering examination of such a man as M. Leon Favre, and the contemptuous treatment of so important and prominently palpable a subject by the majority of our scientific men, and by our newspaper scribes who sneer in their folly at what the most distinguished and reflective men approach with serious and anxious research, as if wilful and shallow ignorance could possibly be wisdom.

W. H.

An account of the remarkable cure of M. Favre will be given in a future number.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

THE recently issued volume of "Spirit-Teachings," given through the hand of "M.A. (Oxon.)"—remarkable not alone in its subject-matter, but also as a record of highly curious psychological experiences, noted by a highly cultured mind with scientific accuracy—cannot fail to direct anew careful attention to the subject of *Inspirational and Automatic Writing* in general.

It may not, therefore, be without interest to preserve in the *Record* a careful classification of the varied known phases of this highly noteworthy form of Spirit-Manifestation. The following short essay on the subject bears the familiar initials, A. M. H. W., and is extracted from the Introduction to a small volume of very graceful Inspirational-Writing, from another pen, entitled, "Glimpses of a Better Land," published in 1870, by Burns, 15 Southampton Row, and by E. Chilow & Son, Derby.

The contents of the volume itself are well worth careful consideration of the student of psychology, being in complete accord not alone with revelations from the world of spirits, given through Swedenborg and Harris, but also with much which has sub-

sequently, in varied ways, been recorded by various psychics. Our attention, however, must now simply direct itself towards the

CLASSIFICATION OF PHASES OF AUTOMATIC WRITING
AND DRAWING.

(*As understood in 1870.*)

"FIRSTLY, then, may be noticed writing and drawing given through the passive hand of the medium, without any mental volition on his or her part; without, also, either words or the sense of the entire communication being first made known—or, in the case of drawing, any intimation of subject, or idea of form, being transmitted through the mind. In fact, both the writing and drawing, as they proceed from the hand, are watched by the medium with curiosity and expectation, as if the communication were being given through another individual—as indeed is the case; the medium's hand being simply used as a machine. This class of mediumship may be termed Mechanical or Automatic Spirit-Writing or Drawing.

"SECONDLY: Writing and drawing, which I will venture to designate '*Automatic-Inspirational*.' In this case each word is separately insinuated into the mind instantaneously with its automatic inscription on the paper. This is gradual development into

"THE THIRD CLASS of writing-mediumship, which may be termed *Inspirational Writing, or Writing from Spirit Dictation*. Word by word, or sentence by sentence, is then given to the medium through the sense of hearing; each word being spoken by the spirit-voice: these words and sentences being written down naturally by the medium's hand. By means of all three classes of spirit-writing have communications been received from the world of spirits, in verse as well as prose; the ideas being occasionally expressed in various languages—sometimes in languages unknown to the mediums. The expression of ideas through forms, as conveyed by drawing, develops in similar ways.* In the third class of drawing mediumship, spiritual forms are exhibited to the medium, whose hand then copies them naturally.

"FOURTHLY: Communications in writing are sometimes also received through the eye of the medium. That is to say, words and sentences are seen as written in the air, or on appropriate objects in letters of light. These inscriptions are frequently very decorative in character, resembling illuminations from the pencils

* For much that is highly suggestive on this subject, *vide*, "Evenings at Home in Spiritual Séance," by Miss Houghton; London, E. W. Allen, 1882. Also "Light in the Valley," by Mrs. Crosland; "From Matter to Spirit," by Mrs. De Morgan; Wilkinson's "Spirit-Drawing: a Personal Narrative," 2nd Edition, F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, 1864 (all three books are now scarce).

of ancient illuminators ; who, indeed, may possibly in occult-wise have received their beautiful and original form of art, in its beginnings, at least, they being men of prayer and retired lives, their whole existence being permeated by spiritual influences. Such spiritually-written messages, it is known to the writer, have been copied by mediums, who have thus received and transmitted messages from unembodied mind.

"FIFTHLY: Is to be mentioned writing and drawing upon material objects, executed with material pen, pencil, or colours by the spirits themselves. This has been called, *Direct Spirit-Writing or Drawing*. For singular instances of this class of manifestation of spirit-power, the reader is directed to Baron Guldenstube's interesting volume on this subject, which contains *fac-similes* of these writings.* The writings are executed by the spirits themselves, without the aid of a human hand. The hand, and, indeed, occasionally, the whole figure of a spirit has been seen whilst thus conveying a message or executing a design. At other times, pen or pencil has been seen to move, as if held by an invisible hand, and passed over the paper, writing or drawing, then has fallen, as if dropped by the same hand, when the communication has been ended."

An interesting account of initiation into the automatic Spirit-writing—the first of the classes to which we have referred—is given by Mr. William Wilkinson in his excellent and valuable contribution to spiritual literature entitled "Spirit-Drawing." †

Speaking of his own first experience of this novel faculty, after many fruitless attempts made at intervals through many weeks to obtain the movement in his own hand, the movement having been already for some time developed in that of his wife, and one or more of his children, Mr. Wilkinson says :—"At last, one evening at my house, in the presence of several gentlemen, I again held the pencil, and after waiting less than five minutes, it began to move, at first slowly, but presently with increasing speed, till in less than a quarter of an hour, it moved with such velocity as I have never seen in a hand or arm before or since. It literally ran away in spiral forms, and I can compare it to nothing else than

* Since the above was written, within the last thirteen years this phase of manifestation has become much more general and varied in detail. Already in the *Record* most startling records relative to it will be found. Refer also to "Psychography: a Treatise on One of the Objective Forms of Psychic or Spiritual Phenomena," by "M.A. (Oxon.)"; Psychological Press Association, 38 Great Russell Street.

† "Spirit-Drawing, a Personal Narrative." F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row. 1864. Page 19—"Involuntary Writing."

the fly-wheel of an engine when it has 'run away.'* This lasted until a gentleman present touched my arm, when suddenly it fell, like an infant's as it goes to sleep, and the pencil dropped out of my hand. I had, however, acquired the power, and afterwards, the same evening, my hand gently drew some geometrical and some flower forms. The consequence of the violent motion of the muscles of the arm was so apparent, that I could not for several days lift it without pain. The production of drawings soon ceased in my case, and in a day or two my hand, after going through a series of up-and-down strokes, moved into writing, and words and sentences were written, which I can only say were not only entirely involuntary on my part, but I did not know, in many instances, how a word already begun would finish; and several times 'what I would, that I could not' write. No stronger proof could possibly be acquired for myself than that some intelligence other than mine, as it had ever been exercised, was at work in producing words which passed not through the ordinary channels of the brain."

This description of initiation into Automatic Spirit-Writing may be regarded as a faithful and unexaggerated account. References to this singular experience and faculty may be met with repeatedly in numerous works published upon the subject of Modern Spiritual Manifestations within the last fifteen years, as for instance, in "Light in the Valley," by Mrs. Crosland; "From Matter to Spirit," by Mrs. De Morgan; "History of the Supernatural," by William Howitt; "Planchette," by Epes Sargent; *Spiritual Magazine*; *Revue Spirite*, etc., etc.

William Howitt says, "I wrote a whole book without any action of my own mind, the process being purely mechanical on my part. A series of drawings in circles were struck off as correctly as Giotto, or a pair of compasses, could have done them; yet they

* Exactly the same experience has been recorded by William Howitt in the first development of automatic writing in his own case. This in 1858. M.A. (Oxon.) in 1872 describes a similar phenomenon in his own experience. Appendix to "Spirit Identity," p. 127, he says (he was for the first time at a *spirit-séance*)—"To my great horror I found these jerks communicated to myself. My right arm was seized about the middle of the fore-arm and dashed violently up and down with a noise resembling that of a number of paviers at work. It was the most tremendous exhibition of 'unconscious muscular action' I ever saw. In vain I tried to stop it. I distinctly felt the grasp, soft and firm, round my arm, and though perfectly possessed of senses and volition, I was powerless to interfere, although my hand was disabled for some days by the bruising it then got. The object, we soon found, was to get up the force."

were made simply with a pencil. A member of my family drew very extraordinary and beautiful things, often with written explanations, exactly in the same mechanical manner."

The experience of automatic-writing is by no means confined to the so-called mediums of those so-called Modern Spiritual-Manifestations.

Traces of it and of its kindred developments are to be found scattered throughout the lives and works of religious persons—Protestant and Catholic—amongst all, in fact, who have entered what the Roman Catholic Church terms "the supernatural degree of religious experience," and thus entirely irrespective of any special forms of religious belief.

A very remarkable instance is to be met with in the autobiography of that very devout and highly spiritual woman, Madame La Mothe Guyon. She says, "I was moved to read the Holy Scriptures. When I began, it was given me to write the passage which I had read, and instantly was given me its explanation, which I also writ, going on with inconceivable rapidity, light being poured in upon me in such a manner that I found I had in myself treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which I did not know of *before I wrote*; *I knew not what I was going to write*. After I had written I remembered nothing of what I wrote. Thus the Lord made me go on with the explanations of the Holy Scriptures. The Lord made me to write, that I was obliged to leave off and begin again as He was pleased to order. When I wrote by day, often suddenly interrupted, I left the word unfinished, and He afterwards gave me what He pleased. *What I wrote was not in my head; that part was kept free and disengaged*.* If I gave way to any reflection I was punished for it."

Again she says, "I still continued writing with a prodigious swiftness, for the hand could scarcely follow fast enough the

* "It is," says M.A. (Oxon.) in the Introduction (p. 5) to *Spirit-Teachings*, "an interesting subject for speculation, whether my own thoughts entered into the subject-matter of the communications. I took extraordinary pains to prevent any such admixture. At first the writing was slow, and it was necessary for me to follow it with my eye, *but even then the thoughts were not my thoughts*. Very soon the messages assumed a character of which I had no doubt whatever that the thought was opposed to my own. *But I cultivated the power of occupying my mind with other things during the time that the writing was going on, and was able to read an abstruse book, and following out a line of close reasoning, while the message was written with unbroken regularity*. Messages so written extended over many pages, and in their course there is no correction, no fault in composition, and often a sustained vigour and beauty of style." 1873.

spirit which dictated, and, through the whole progress of so long a work, I never altered my conduct."

Madame Guyon was a Roman Catholic. Let us now see the experience of the great Protestant Mystic, Jacob Böhme. Describing the manner in which he put upon paper the spiritual illuminations which was vouchsafed to him, he thus expresses himself:—

"I say that I could not, nor durst not, write otherwise than the same was given and indited to me. I have continually wrote as the spirit did declare it, and did not give place to the reason or the wisdom of the natural and astral spirit. . . . Art hath not written here, neither was there any time to set it down punctually according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the spirit, which often went in haste, so that the penman's hand did often shake; and though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire did often force forwards with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it, for it cometh and goeth as a sudden shower." —(Jacob Böhme's *Third Epistle*, dated 1620.)

Numerous other cases of automatic and inspirational writing might be cited in illustration of the various classes to which reference has been made. It is sufficient here, however, simply to refer to the existence of various modes of communication with the spirit-world by writing, and to state that well-attested cases of each class here referred to exist in the present day; and also that traces of them are scattered throughout the history of the world.

The inquirer into this interesting subject will not fail either in Holy Writ, to discover remarkable instances of spirit-writing in the 1st of Chronicles, chapter xxviii., where David gives Solomon, his son, directions for the building of the Temple, "together with the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the chambers thereof, and the inner parlours thereof, and of the place of the mercy-seat, and the pattern of all he had by the spirit";—all of which, David says, "*the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me, even all the work of this pattern.*" Whilst the writing upon the wall, at the Feast of Belshazzar, of the mysterious words of judgment, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," is a sublime instance of Direct Spirit-writing. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the

plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand which wrote."

In this day, when faith in the Scriptures, especially in the writings of the Old Testament, has become so deeply impaired, phenomena and experience which confirm and throw light upon these records, especially where they relate to supernatural occurrences, cannot but be of the highest value and importance.

A. M. H. W.

DIRECT SPIRIT WRITINGS AND DRAWINGS.

By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

(Continued from page 264.)

I N my account of such spirit writings and drawings as have been executed in my presence, and under my personal observation, I have endeavoured to make the matter as real as possible to the reader; giving also in some cases photographic transfers, and in others engravings from photographs on the wood, of the writings and drawings done in enclosed spaces, and by means of which we can have but little conception.

We can form so little idea of the mode of writing on carefully enveloped slates, or on paper enclosed in the space between them, or on cards laid between the leaves of a thick book, and while pressed with a heavy weight, that very good testimony is required to make credible such seeming impossibilities; and I never unlock the drawer of my writing-desk to show these evidences of spirit power without the uncomfortable feeling that I raise a question of personal veracity, and run the risk of being considered—not a fanatic, but a deceiver—a teller of untruths. The hypothesis that I have been a victim of deception—fool instead of knave—does not fit the case. The circumstances compel the belief of one of two things. If I tell the truth, and if the witnesses I can summon are worthy of belief, here are convincing evidences of spirit-life and spirit-power.

Here, for example, is a case of slate-writing, which I will describe in detail, but as briefly as I can. The back-room on the ground-floor of my house was converted into a séance room, by closing the shutters and locking the door opening upon the garden, and drawing a curtain across that end of the room, behind which lay the medium on a couch. The other door, opening into the hall, was locked, and the key in my pocket. My chair was also placed

against the locked door. The seats of others present were ranged in the same line, opposite the medium. The gas in the centre of the room is lowered, but still lights the room. The medium, Mr. W. Eglinton, is lying on the couch, behind the curtain. This is drawn aside, and from behind it comes into the centre of the room a man, clothed in white, taller than Mr. Eglinton, more slender, speaking with a different voice, and in an entirely different manner—a spirit-form, calling himself “Joey,” who has many times, and in many ways demonstrated his distinct individuality. For example, he has talked with me when the lips of his medium were tightly closed with gummed paper. He has dipped his finger in purple ink, and I have found the medium’s fingers clean. When Mr. Eglinton sat in full sight before the curtain, I have seen Joey come from behind it, and lead him to the couch. The distinct individuality of the materialised spirit, “Joey,” he has taken great pains to demonstrate.

On this occasion, “Joey,” after saluting the seven persons present, came near me and said—“Dr. Nichols, I want two slates.”

“You will find some slates on the mantel, Joey, I replied. “It is a rather shabby lot, but you can take your choice.”

Joey rattled them over, and picked out two of the same size, which he brought and placed in my hands, asking me to carefully clean them, which I did by the same process I used when a school-boy. Joey took them and said—

“Now I want a slate-pencil. Who has got a slate-pencil? Floy!” addressing a young lady present, “have you got a pencil?”

“Yes, Joey; but it is at the top of the house, in the pocket of my dress. Shall I go and get it?”

“Never mind,” said Joey, “I will get it;” and going near the gas-light, he held up one of the slates horizontally higher than his head. We heard the sharp “click” of something falling on the slate. Joey took it and held it up for us to see that it was the needed pencil.

Standing thus near the light, so that we could all distinctly see him, he put the end of the pencil into his mouth, and we all heard him bite off a piece of it. At this we naturally made some exclamations of wonder, and he deliberately repeated the operation, and then placed one of the bits between the slates.

“Now, Doctor, I want some twine,” said Joey. I told him there was some on a shelf, which he found and proceeded as

skilfully as if he had been a shopman, to tie the two slates together, by passing the twine round the ends and sides. As he was doing this he said,—“Dr. Nichols, get ready to lend me your knife.” I took out my knife and opened one of the blades. He came to me, took the knife, cut the twine close to the knot, and returned it to my hand.

But his wants were not yet satisfied. “Now for a stick of sealing wax,” he said. “Who has got some sealing wax?”

“Joey,” I said, “the only stick of sealing wax I know of in the house is in Mrs. Nichols’ study, on the second floor.”

“I will get it,” he said, and in a moment he had a stick of red sealing wax in his hand, of the same size as the one I had seen on the writing desk two storeys above.

He went to the gas light, held the sealing wax in it until it caught fire, and filled the room with such a blaze of light that we all saw Joey with great distinctness. Then he carefully sealed the cord with which the slates were tied, at the end and side—where the red wax still remains. After this deliberate, careful preparation, Joey said,—“Now, Doctor, bring your chair forward toward the centre of the room.” I did so, and he brought another chair and sat facing me, so that all could see us both. Then he made me take hold of the slates with my left hand, he holding the other end with his right, while I laid my right hand upon his left, with a fold of the thin gauzy drapery between them.

Sitting thus in the centre of the room, face to face with a materialised spirit, I heard and felt writing going on between the slates. When it ceased, Joey placed them in my hands, saying, “Hold them fast until the séance is ended; then you can see what is written.”

When Joey retired, another—a graver spirit came and spoke to us. I cannot remember all he said. “Ernest” always had some words of wisdom for us. I have heard him recite one of the most impressive poems in the language with great earnestness. What I remember was this. He said,—“We have tried to give you a good manifestation. I think you will find, on opening the slates, a message in three languages. Good night, and God bless you!”

When we heard the three loud raps upon the floor, the signal that the séance was over, I turned the gas on full, cut the strings, and examined the slates. On one of them was, and still is, a

brief message, signed "J. B. Ferguson," in his own handwriting, exactly as he wrote in life. Never was a more perfect autograph. This was the writing of our old friend, the Dr. Ferguson who came to England with the Brothers Davenport, and who had died, some years before this séance, in America.

The inner side of the other slate was found covered with fine, beautiful writing, in an entirely different hand—first a message in English—then a few lines of a quotation in ancient Greek, closing with another quotation from La Rochefoucauld, in French.

Thus we had our message in three languages.

In copying this message for the *Spiritualist*, I made a mistake in one of the Greek words. At a later séance the process I have described was repeated, with the exception that the two slates were wrapped in a newspaper. On one of the slates was written a second message, signed "J. B. Ferguson," and in the same handwriting, and on the other, after some lines in English, a sentence in Greek, with the word I had imperfectly transcribed accurately written and underscored.

The points to be considered in regard to this séance are—

1. That the room in which we sat, a small room in my own house, could not conceal or admit any person unknown to us.
2. That "Joey" was another and a very different person from the medium or any of the sitters.
3. That the slates were quite new and carefully examined and cleaned, and never out of our sight.
4. That all I have described as said and done was in a good light, and satisfactory to all present.
5. That the messages were such as none of us could have written—quite beyond the power of the medium, and free from the least suspicion of any kind of fraud. No one who ever had a letter from Dr. Ferguson would hesitate to swear to his handwriting, and, in regard to the whole matter, fraud was "impossible."

The power of spirits over matter is exhibited in many curious ways. I have given an example of writing with ink in the centre of a thick volume, which was heavily weighted, and was carefully watched in a good light as it lay upon the table around which we were sitting. At the end of a few moments—possibly a minute—we found upon the card we had seen placed in the book a sentence copied from the book, with reference to the page and line beneath it.

Before me lies a card which was placed in the cavity between two slates. I held the slates pressed together with the thumb and fingers of my left hand, with my arm extended over the table in a good light. Nothing was between the slates but the blank card, but a short lead pencil was laid upon the slates. I may have held the slates thus extended for half a minute. On opening them I found on the card, which lies before me as I write, a Latin cross, about three inches long, surmounted by a circle about an inch in diameter, both drawn as accurately as could be done with rule and dividers. In the circle, of half an inch radius, is written the Lord's Prayer, beginning at the circumference, and running in a spiral to the *amen* in the centre. Across the transverse and down to the foot, is a message, beginning, "Dear mama and papa," and signed "Willie"—all the writing being in the hand of our departed but not very distant daughter—the handwriting of which I have given some examples in previous numbers.

As a test of spirit life and spirit power what could be more satisfactory? The fine writing filling the circle is absolutely the same handwriting as the manuscripts our little one wrote when she was twelve years old—yet absolutely written under the conditions I have described, between two slates held by me at arms length.

In the garden room, used as a séance room, I was sitting one evening with Mr. Eglinton and a young man who was encountering the usual difficulties of the beginning of a literary career. Eglinton took up a blank card from several lying on the table, showed us both sides of it, and then threw it into a corner of the room, under some book shelves, where the light was obscure. With the card, or directly after it, he threw a stump of a lead pencil, and instantly said to me,—“Doctor, please pick up the card!” I sprang and got it. It might have lain two or three seconds. On one side of the card we found the following:—

“*Mons. Hargrave :*

“*La bonne fortune et la mauvaise, sont nécessaire a l'homme, pour le rendre habile ; et aussi la patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.*” *

* My readers will pardon me for giving a translation for the benefit of some who may possibly have forgotten their French. It is,—“Good and bad fortune are necessary to man to develop his talents (to make him clever) ; moreover, patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet,”—probably a quotation from Spirit “Ernest’s” favourite author, La Rochefoucauld.

On a blank portion of this side was also written the word "*renverser*."

Turning over the card we found ten words in a language none of us knew even by sight, though I recognised a likeness to some of the Slavonic tongues, and thought it might be Czech or Hungarian. A German gentleman who visited me lately told me it was Hungarian, but he could not translate it.

Of course I have no idea why a spirit should occupy two or three seconds in writing a few lines of French and Hungarian on a card thrown into a corner of the room, except to give us a demonstration of spirit power.

No doubt receiving a message in an unknown tongue may make it more impressive. I remember an instance. A Swedish lady of rank came one evening and wished to get a message. She was quite familiar with three languages—Swedish, French, and English, and naturally expected one of these. A blank card, which she carefully examined, was laid in the centre of a thick book taken from the shelf for the purpose, on which she laid her hands. In a few moments she took out the card, and found it written all over in German, which neither she nor any one present could read. So she was obliged to take it next day to a German friend, or one who understood German, and get it translated. Of course it was all the better as a test, which was, perhaps, what she most needed.

In an early number of this series I had the pleasure of giving some specimens of direct writing and drawing given through the mediumship of the Scottish medium, Mr. D. Duguid, under very perfect test conditions, in connection with the production of the remarkable book "*Hafed*," and I think it may be well to close this series by giving some other examples, with Mr. Nisbet's own account of the manner of their production. He says—

About ten years ago, I accompanied my friend, Mr. David Duguid, "the Glasgow Trance-painting Medium," on a visit to Edinburgh, for the purpose of giving a few friends in that city an opportunity of witnessing Mr. Duguid painting in trance. After the sitting, which took place in the house of a well known chemist, and was attended by a number of his professional friends, we retired to rest. We were so tired that we lost no time in undressing, but had scarcely lain down a minute when Mr. D. called my attention to a slight noise proceeding from my side of the bed, near which was a clothes-pin, whereon Mr. D. had hung his

coat and vest. Immediately thereafter he sat up in bed, saying, "I see there's something going on over at the table"—but, as usual, I could see nothing—not being clairvoyant as he was. After sitting in bed for not more than half a minute, we rose, lighted the gas, and on the small side table, which stood about four yards from the bed, we saw four cards. These cards, along with a pencil and crayon lying beside them, must have been taken from the breast-pocket of the medium's coat, which he had hung up a few minutes before at my side of the bed. Of this I am certain—there were neither cards nor pencils on the table when I turned off the gas before getting into bed. After a hasty glance at the cards—somewhat remarkable as having been done while the medium was not in trance—we again got into bed; but as soon as we were snugly wrapped up, we were saluted with a shower of raps proceeding from all parts of the room—from roof, walls, and floor. We were amused, and on inquiring, we were told, by raps, that it was our Red Indian friends who were making these manifestations. The raps were so loud we were afraid that the inmates might be disturbed, and asked them to confine their operations to the bed; and at once, under and over the bed, and even under the bed-clothes, by unmistakable sounds and touches, we were made sensible of the presence of our spirit-friends. This continued I cannot tell how long, for we fell asleep in the midst of it.

The following photographs of the four cards appeared in the Appendix to *Hafed, Prince of Persia*.* At the bottom corner of the card containing the Hebrew and Greek, is the reference, Deut. xxxii. 4, which was missed by the artist in the process of producing the blocks.

*Te maris et terras numeroque carissas arene
 Mensorem cohibent Archyta
 Pulveris exigui prope litus per ora matinum
 Munera nec quicquam tibi prædest
 Aeris tentare domos animoque rotundum
 Periclitare solum Morituro.*

Horace.

* See Advertisement.

But why (some may ask) resort for illustrations to those already used in "Hafed"? Well, in the first place, I have no idea that all the readers of the *Record* are in possession of that book; or that having read it, they remember much about its illustrations. Consequently, to many they will be new; while to others they will serve as remembrancers of that which, in many cases, they may have forgotten. Again, having served their purpose in the volume, why should they not be made serviceable in another form?

ANCIENT ORACLES AND MODERN MANIFESTATIONS.*

A CLASSIC scholar, a fervent and melodious poet, and a searcher into the mysteries of recent and present Spiritual manifestations, could not fail to write an interesting volume on such fascinating themes, and one to be read rather than quoted; but I have thought that some statement of the view taken by Mr. Myers, and some results of my own experience, might be of interest to persons searching for truth, and therefore engaged in psychological investigations.

Our first difficulty is that we really know very little about the Greek Oracles. There are many allusions to them, but few descriptions. They seem to have inspired more awe than modern manifestations, and occurred in a less inquiring, analytic, and scientific age. Our author says:—

"The attempt to define the word 'Oracle,' confronts us at once with the difficulties of the subject. The Latin term, indeed, which we are forced to employ, points specially to cases where the voice of God or Spirit was actually heard, whether directly or through some human intermediary. But the corresponding Greek term merely signifies a seat of soothsaying, a place where divinations are obtained by whatever means."

The two terms might now mean the *séance*, and the communications received; but obscure as is the subject for want of accurate observation, Mr. Myers has done what was possible to enable us to draw some parallel between ancient and modern manifestations.

Some of the earliest efforts at divination, or of discovering the thoughts of spirits by the observation of the flight of birds, or the

* ESSAYS CLASSICAL: GREEK ORACLES. By F. W. H. Myers. London, Macmillan & Co., 1883.

entrails of animals killed as sacrifices, or the waving of altar flames, have no special interest. These earlier forms gave place to the oracle proper, when messages came in dreams and visions; after dreams, visions, and voices in sleep came trance utterances, sometimes from a prophet, but much more frequently from a prophetess. The subjects embraced in trance-utterance were as many as the needs of the people, and were preserved in writing as of general applicability. Utterances by visible phantoms became prominent at a later era. The two last mark the highest point in the development of the Greek oracles. These spirit utterances came to bear so directly on the conduct of life, to have such unerring personal application, that it has become a modern question, as it may have been an ancient one—How did the Priestess or Pythoness obtain the knowledge which enabled her to meet the wants of those who sought information and guidance? To us these questions are answered. To the age that has rejected every idea of spirit-life and manifestation as superstitious nonsense, the Greek oracles are insoluble mysteries. With the materialist, oracles, miracles, and all kinds of spiritual manifestations, are attributed to hallucination or fraud. This applies equally to Greek oracles, Bible miracles, the continued miracles of the Church, and the spiritual manifestations of our present time. There is no examination, no inquiry, unless to establish a foregone conclusion.

The motive for manufacturing oracles or miracles is presumed to have been the same—the desire to gain influence and power. Superstitious folly, credulity, and a desire for fortune-telling are attributed to Spiritualists. To assume the fraudulent character of the Greek oracles, and then to denounce the miracles of Christianity as of the same character, was quite a matter of course—and the same process is easily applied to our present manifestations by those who will not take the trouble of investigation. Mr. Myers says:—

“It is difficult to get together satisfactory evidence for the conjecture which the parallel between Delphi and the Papacy so readily suggests: that the power of the oracle was due to a Priestly Aristocracy with widely scattered agents, who insinuated themselves into confidence, and traded on the credulity of mankind. We cannot but suppose that to some extent this was the case. . . . that the unerring counsel given to private persons that Plutarch insists upon, must have rested in part, at least, on a secret acquaintance with their affairs, possibly acquired, in some cases, under the seal of the confessional.”

These remarks, in the absence of any evidence, show that the writer has been impressed by the wide-spread belief in the machinations of Rome, the abuse of the confessional, and the manufacture of miracles. Superstition may act upon the minds of the ignorant, no doubt, but can we suppose it would stultify such men as Solon, Lycurgus, Pindar, Plato, Plutarch, and all the great souls who have testified to the good and the truth of the Oracles? "It was from Delphos that reverence for oaths, respect for the life of slaves, of women, of suppliants, derived, in great measure, their sanction and strength." When Glaucus consulted the Oracle to know whether he should deny having received the gold in deposit from a friend, he was warned in tones that sounded through Greece of the avenger of the broken oath; of the wish punished like the deed, and the family blotted out, and we are told that "the numerous responses, of which this is the type, brought home to men's minds the notion of right and wrong, of rewards and punishments, with a force and impressiveness which was new to the Grecian world."

We have no evidence that the secrets of men's lives were ever entrusted by themselves to the Priestess of the Oracle, and in the Roman Confessional every penitent is carefully kept to the confession of his own sins, and it is forbidden to mention the names of those with whom sins have been committed. We know also that mediums, however clairvoyant, are generally unconscious, and have neither knowledge nor memory of the secrets they may reveal.

Whatever may have been in the past, I have abundant evidence that, in the present time, spirits are invisibly, as at times visibly, with us, and that they know of our most secret acts and affairs. I have written a letter, and had conversations in entire secrecy, which were afterward freely discussed with me by a spirit friend, and in some cases where I had been unjust the injustice was asserted and demonstrated to me.

I once attended a baptism, and was god-mother to the baptized person. This was, for certain good reasons, done in entire secrecy; and yet at a séance in the evening, many miles distant, a spirit said to me—"I went with you to-day on your holy mission, and I heard what you said to the priest in the hall;" quoting correctly my words, and adding that he believed I had not been fully informed; and in this I thought he probably knew better than I did.

One who has been for years familiar with facts like these ceases to ask "How do the spirits know?" If the Confessional was at first adduced as a parallel to Greek Oracles, the parallel is much more full with respect to Modern Spiritualism.

To really know a subject we must study it as a whole, and understand its relations and tendencies. There may be a false oracle, a bad priest, or a fraudulent medium, but "one swallow does not make a summer."

What was the general character and the individual tendency of that system which the wisest and best of the age of oracles upheld as for the highest good of the people, and what, in this day, has its apparent successors in the Catholic Church, and in the teachings of spirits through mediums as wide spread, or likely to become so, as through the Church Catholic?

Division of labour has its advantage, when we are only great enough to do our small part in a complex work. I gladly take my small part in making a parallel to "Greek Oracles," the work of a profound scholar, a thoughtful man, and a lover of men. Only as a lover of my kind do I claim to be his equal; but I have had a providential education in modern marvels, even as our author has had a voluntary education in ancient oracles. I am only a lover, and a small collector, but by chance or providence I have collected some great things. I have the equivalent of mathematical demonstration in the consciousness of those who have seen, heard, and felt the spiritual made manifest.

Mr. Myers thinks dreams are the first probable proof to man of the continued existence of his friends, and he instances those of high behest, those trifles that Aristides has embalmed in his writings like flies in amber. These can readily be paralleled in this day by the dreams of persons called impressible, or mediumistic. When I have denied myself willingly, or from the exigencies of work, to trance and vision, dreams have told me truths and facts, and have given me warning and comfort, and in all things comported themselves most humanly and humanely.

Once I dreamed that my young child was brought to me with her face swollen and her eyes closed by fiery inflammation—a most sad sight. In the morning, the nurse brought the child exactly as I had seen her in my dream. She had been in the garden the day before, and had daubed her face with the milk of a poisonous plant. I knew nothing of it, and had no idea how, or why, the dream came to me.

Grecian oracles were accompanied by blasts of wind. Perhaps 19 out of 20 persons who have attended séances, will tell of a wind usually cool but decided, which was one of the first symptoms of coming communication. Voice oracles have their parallels from that heard by the soul of the ear, through all the kinds of utterances, direct, and by use of the organs of media. From an early age I heard a voice distinct, not to be doubted even yet, and not heard by others. It spoke wisdom as divine as I could conceive, and it told me facts of great importance. It never discoursed of trifles, or touched any subject that was not of deepest moment to me. I saw clearly at times a spirit whom no one else saw. I heard him speak homilies of power. I repeated his words, and others were as much impressed as I was. A spirit thus speaking would give his name, and prominent facts in his life, which we were able to verify from history, though we had never before heard of him. The wisdom and power that accompanied these utterances converted me to the loving Soul of the Christian religion, and they converted others also. The words had the same effect on others as myself, and like me they became believers. Whether I saw a spirit, or merely heard an impersonal voice, the wisdom and the facts uttered were equally trustworthy.

I one day went into my husband's publishing office. I was stopped opposite a new stove just purchased, with the words, "John ———" (a trusted foreman), "took the money given him to buy the stove, and paid for it in books." This was a terrible accusation. I nearly fainted from excess of painful emotion. I told my husband what I had heard, and in half-an-hour his inquiries had confirmed the truth of the utterance of the Voice.

It is in Hesiod we find the first Greek conception of a hierarchy of spiritual beings who fill the unseen world, and can discern and influence our own.

Heracitus held that all things were full of souls or spirits.

"Plato brings these theories into direct connection with our subject, by asserting that some of the spirits can read the minds of living men, and are liable to be grieved by our wrong-doing, while many appear to us in sleep by vision, and are made known to us by voices and oracles in our health or sickness, and are about us at the dying hour; some are even visible occasionally, and then disappear, causing perplexity by their obscure self-manifestation."

MARY S. G. NICHOLS.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*"THE PIONEERS OF THE SPIRITUAL
REFORMATION." **

UNDER this title, in a handsome octavo volume of 325 pages, Mrs. ANNA MARY HOWITT WATTS has given us biographical sketches of Three Pioneers of the Spiritual movement, which in the future will rank above all political revolutions and all the discoveries and inventions of our time.

These Pioneers are Dr. JUSTINUS KERNER, the enlightened German Physician, who has recorded the phenomena attending his wonderful patient, The Seeress of Prevorst, translated into English by Mrs. Crowe, which doubtless led her to those explorations which she has given us in her "Night-Side of Nature;" Dr. FRANZ ANTON MESMER, the friend of Kerner, and discoverer of Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism; and third, the enlightened heroic investigator and historian of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism, her father, WILLIAM HOWITT.

The book, advance sheets of which lie before us, which, in more senses than one, Mrs. Watts has given to Spiritualism, will be read with profit and pleasure by all whose minds are open to the reception of truth, and who can appreciate the heroic element in those who can accept, acknowledge, and defend unpopular facts, as well as unpopular doctrines.

The account of Dr. Kerner is a condensation of a German biography published in 1862. He was a poet as well as a physician, and above all a lover of truth, a genuine philosopher. He became an investigator of Mesmerism from having been cured, as he believed, of a severe illness in his youth by some "passes" made over him by the celebrated magnetiser, Gmelin of Heilbroun. When a physician he used similar treatment for the cure of the insane. A college friend said of him—"His eyes have something peculiarly spiritual and pious in their glance—all that is magically magnetic is to be found in him in an extraordinary degree."

Dr. Kerner was, however, thoroughly scientific and practical as a physician, as is shown in his investigations of a terrible disease caused by eating sausages, which were published in 1820 under the title of "New Observations regarding the frequent Deadly Poisonings in Würtemberg through the Consumption of Smoked Sausages." In this book Kerner refers to seventy-six cases of the

* London: The Psychological Press Association, 38 Great Russell Street, W.C.

poisoning which had come under his own observation. He also added a careful report of the cretinism which he had met with in various valleys of the Gaildorf district. He remarks how, in the middle ages, the Kings of France possessed the gift of healing *goutte* through "laying on of hands" and pronouncing the well-known words, "Le Roi touche, Dieu te guérisse!" In 1826, Dr. Kerner published the first of his works connected with the inner-life of man. It is entitled "The History of Two Somnambulists: together with certain other Notable Things from the Realms of Magical Cure and Psychology," an account of two remarkable patients of his who exhibited marvellous phenomena. He also published two periodicals, "*Leaves from Prevorst*," and "*Magikon, or Archives for Observations concerning the Realms of the Spirit-World and of Magnetic Life*," which was continued until 1853. His last, and most charmingly written work, was a life and recollections of Mesmer. Pensioned by the Elector of Bavaria, and the king of Würtemberg, and honoured by the king of Prussia, Kerner was also member of various learned societies and honorary member of various poetical societies (*Sänger-Vereine*). With the close of the year 1858 he celebrated his fifty years' jubilee as Doctor of Medicine, receiving from the Faculty of Tübingen University an honorary diploma, in which he is styled "The Consolation of the Sick—The Scourge of Demons—The Joy of the Muses—The Ornament of Home,"—a charming old man, and delightfully appreciated and rewarded, he spent his last days in peace and honour.

While yet in full practice his house was filled by patients who came to him for magnetic or mesmeric treatment. Madame Hauffe, better known as the Seeress of Prevorst, was the subject of one of his best known and most admirable works on "Openings up into the Inner-Life of Man, and Mergings of a Spirit-World into the World of Matter." He wrote also, from phenomena which fell under his observation, a "History of Modern Cases of Possession," and the very curious account of the haunted prison of Weinsberg, given by Mrs. Crowe in "The Night-side of Nature."

Prince Hohenlohe, whose miraculous cures were known over the world, was a friend of Kerner, and engaged him to write a series of Lenten sermons on the Seven Deadly Sins.

When he became blind and aged, and felt the approach of death, he gave the following directions as to the mode of his burial which may interest the advocates of reform in funerals:—

"My body shall be buried in all stillness, without song or parade: even as my father's body was buried. My body shall alone be attended by my son and his wife, by a clergyman, and a friend. There shall no oration be held, nor yet shall there be any singing at the grave." To these directions, in 1857, Kerner also added, that a flat stone should be placed between his wife's grave and his own, upon which should be inscribed, "Frederika Kerner and her Justinus, 1854—18—." No other words should be added, not even "Here lies."

These directions were faithfully carried out, as far as possible; but as every one in Weinsberg considered himself that "friend" there was a great crowd around the grave; and when a prayer and benediction had been said the farewells could not be restrained.

Of the writings of Dr. Kerner, Mrs. Watts gives special notice of the "History of Two Somnambules," full of interesting magnetic and clairvoyant phenomena, and of the "Seeress of Prevorst." The mountaineers among whom the Seeress was born, were, we are told, "peculiarly sensible to magnetic influences, amongst the evidences of which are their susceptibility to sympathetic remedies, and their power of discovering springs by means of the divining-rod." In the hands of Frederica, the Seeress, at a very early age, the hazel wand pointed out metals and water. She shudderingly withdrew from hidden graves, saw apparitions, and was extremely susceptible to the mesmeric influence, prophesied future events, and even her infant child was "endowed with the gift of ghost-seeing."

At first Dr. Kerner, trying to cure her of these peculiarities by the usual processes of medication—"alteratives and tonics," only caused "a frightful aggravation of her sufferings." She did much better when allowed to prescribe for herself in her sleep. This is Dr. Kerner's account of her condition:—

"In this state she had no organic strength, but depended wholly on that of other people, which she received chiefly through the eyes and the ends of the fingers. She said that she drew her life wholly from the air, and from the nervous emanations of others, by which they lost nothing; but it is not superfluous to mention that many persons said that they did lose strength by being long in proximity to her; were sensible of a weakness in the eyes and at the pit of the stomach, even to fainting; and she admitted that she gained most strength from the eyes of powerful men.

"From her own relations she extracted more vigour than from others; and as she grew weaker, from them alone she derived

benefit. By the proximity of weak and sickly people, she grew weaker; just as flowers lose their beauty and perish under the same circumstances. She also drew nourishment from the air, unquestionably, and, even in the coldest weather, could not live without an open window. She was sensible of the spiritual essences of all things, of which mankind in general has no perception, especially of metals, plants, men, and animals. All imponderable matters; even the different colours of the prism, produced on her sensible effects. She was susceptible of electric influences, of which most persons are unconscious. She had aprenatural consciousness in connection with human handwiting.

"From her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of which all who saw her became immediately aware. Whilst in this sleep-waking state, she was more a spirit than of mortal mould. *Should we compare her to a human being, we should say that she was in the state of one who, hovering between life and death, belonged rather to the world he was about to visit than to the one he was going to leave. This is not a poetical expression, but literally true.*

"We know that men in the moment of death have often glimpses of the other world, and evince their knowledge of it. We see that a spirit partially leaves the body before it has wholly shaken off its earthly husk. Could we maintain anyone for years in the condition of a dying person, we should have the exact representation of Madame Hauffe's condition."

Her own account of this condition was—

"It often appears to me that I am out of my body, and then I hover over it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, because I recognise my body. But if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve-spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve-spirit are become daily weaker."

"She declared that she was *conscious of weight irrespective of matter*. There was such a thing, she maintained, as 'moral weight.' If Dr. Kerner placed his fingers against hers, they were attracted as by a magnet, and he could thus lift her from the ground. She could distinguish the magnetic passes that he had made over a glass of water, they appearing darker to her than the water. She could thus in her clairvoyant state tell how many 'passes' he had made over the water.

"This leads Dr. Kerner to make an extremely interesting remark regarding the use of homœopathic medicines. He says, 'Doubtless, our insensibility to external influence is much increased by the habit of taking foods and liquids of an exciting nature. When the ancients desired to subject a patient to these hidden powers of nature, they prepared him for the operation by a course of extreme temperance. The modern practice of medicine, denominated homœopathic, acts in two ways—first by the removal of all excitements, and secondly, by the repetition of

medicines, whose extreme subdivision reminds us of the experiments of Robert Brown, who having reduced the particles of the body to the smallest atoms, perceived in them what seemed to be a spontaneous and independent animal-motion. She could not exist without an open window. She was of opinion that the opening of a window at the moment of a soul's departure is not a mere superstition, but that it actually facilitates its escape; and that there is some substance in the air which spirits make use of to render themselves audible and visible to mortals."

In regard to this, Mrs. Watts quotes from Mrs. De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit" an account of a child who, dying, said to his father, "*Do pray take out the window. Don't you see that the glass prevents my getting away; you see how I am trying and cannot get away!*" And Dr. Crowell in his "Spirit-World and its Inhabitants," says—"The moment a spirit has left its body, a window should be open to facilitate its departure, otherwise in many cases this may be delayed for so long a time as to cause much inconvenience, and possibly some suffering, either to the new-born spirit or its anxious spirit-friends."

But here is the difficulty of writing of a book full of interesting matter. We are not through with the first of the three Pioneers—two remain—Mesmer and William Howitt, and our space is exhausted. We pause at the 67th page of a book of 325 pages, full of interesting and valuable facts from first to last. We must do what we can of scant justice to such a work in a second notice—perhaps a third—for Mesmer and Howitt may well demand each more space than we may find in a single number. In the meantime all who can do so should get the book, and see for themselves how little justice can be done by ever so friendly and industrious a reviewer.

TESTIMONY OF CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S., C.E.

THE late Mr. C. F. Varley was for many years chief engineer to the Electric and International Telegraph Company before the English telegraphs were bought up by the Government, and invented important portions of the apparatus then and now in common use. He also took an active part in rendering Atlantic telegraphy an accomplished fact; and, in conjunction with his cousin Mr. Michael Faraday, and Sir William Thomson, was the first to discover and demonstrate the chief laws governing the transmission of electricity through long deep-sea cables. As

a practical scientific man, experimenter and inventor, his testimony to the reality of Spiritual phenomena is of great value.

Twenty-five years ago (says Mr. Varley), I was a hard-headed unbeliever, and when it was asserted that tables could be made to gyrate by means of "*electricity and magnetism*," the absurdity was too manifest for discussion.

"Spiritual phenomena," however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. Several coming events were correctly foretold, and I was naturally amazed; this led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude as much as circumstances would permit the possibility of trickery and self-deception. Some of these investigations have been published in various journals, and in the proceedings of the Dialectical Society.

Prior to this I had frequently experimented with mesmerism as a curative agent, and had met with three clairvoyants with whom I had made many experiments.

The late Professor de Morgan has written, "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called Spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

William Crookes, F.R.S., writes, "That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances in which they cannot be explained by any physical law at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary fact in chemistry."

I can fully endorse both of these statements.

Some of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Society have left a record of their proceedings. They did not have recourse to paid or professional mediums. They sat time after time until the phenomena appeared.

They report that ultimately they succeeded in getting a heavy table to move when no one was touching it; and when, in fact, no one was within some few feet of it. The room was well lighted at the time.

I have twice seen a table move when no one was touching it. On one occasion, in my own house, when no one was within seven feet of the table, and while I was holding both the hands and feet of the medium, the table moved up to me. Several others were present, and all of us saw it.

On another occasion I was sitting near a small table; the medium was almost six feet distant; the table rose up more than twelve inches, and then moved horizontally about eight feet before it came down again. This was witnessed by four people.

I have repeatedly seen tables (and other objects) lifted off the floor when our hands were resting upon them.

Sometimes I have sat under the table with candles, while friends observed above to see that the table was not moved by either the hands or feet of those sitting around.

When the table has been off the ground, I have mentally wished the table to move north, east, west, or south, and it has immediately followed my unexpressed wish.

A scent-bottle lying upon a mahogany table has been seen first to rock to and fro rapidly, and then to gyrate while rocking rapidly for some minutes, no hands being near it. This was at a private house.

I have been sitting in a chair in a well-lighted room, several feet from the medium, and my chair has been twisted half round so rapidly and violently as to nearly throw me off.

Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence—(a) of forces unknown to science ; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts ; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers.

In America, in 1867-8, I had numerous opportunities of experimenting.

In England I had experienced great unwillingness on the part of the mediums to submit to experiments.

Miss K. Fox (now Mrs. Jencken) was introduced to me at the house of a solicitor (Mr. Townsend) by Mr. Livermore, a retired banker in New York. After a few sittings Miss Fox consented to a series of experiments.

Five cells of Grove's nitric-acid battery, two helices, an electro-magnet, key, switches, and wires were produced by me, in order to see if there were any connection between the psychic forces and those of electricity and magnetism. After a great many experiments, extending over fifty or sixty hours, I was still unable to detect any distinct connecting link. Some of the experiments were conducted in the dark, but the majority of them in a bright light, and some in broad daylight.

My battery was on a side table, and was there connected to a switch from which eight wires ran to the table at which we were seated.

Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. Livermore, Miss Fox, and I were always there, but on a few occasions we had sometimes one, sometimes two others. By means of the switch and keys I was able to operate in the dark, no one but myself being aware of the experiment I was trying. In fact, none of those present were acquainted with the laws of electricity.

Two phenomena of importance only were obtained. 1st. Whenever I took hold of a wire through which the current was passing, the "invisibles" always correctly stated which way the electric current was flowing (assuming that the current flows from the positive to the negative pole). The second phenomenon was

that whenever in the dark I placed the helix around my head, the "invisibles" took no notice of it when no current was passing; but the moment I pressed down the key and caused a current to flow, loud raps were heard, the table rocked violently, and Miss Fox's hand would write out involuntarily a message to me to the effect that I ought not to place my head inside the helix, that it was prejudicial, and it gave them great uneasiness. I repeated the experiment on many occasions, and always with the foregoing result.

Mr. Blackburn, of Manchester, requested me to test the materialisation phenomena, which occurred in the presence of Miss F. Cook (now Mrs. Corner). The experiments were conducted at the house of Mr. J. C. Luxmoore, in Gloucester Square, Hyde Park. The medium was treated like a telegraph cable, a current being sent from her right wrist along her right and left arms to her left wrist. She was tested for "continuity and resistance" all through the sitting. For this purpose a reflecting galvanometer, a box of standard resistances, the necessary keys and shunts, were employed.

By these means the medium could not break the circuit for even the hundredth part of a second without the fact being instantly revealed! Yet out came the "materialised Annie Morgan." She spoke to us and wrote before us on paper. She once appeared only half materialised from her waist upwards, the lower extremities being absent.

I shook hands with this "materialised being," and at the conclusion of the sitting—which lasted, I believe, over an hour—I was instructed by "Annie Morgan" to go to the medium to demesmerise her. I found Miss Cook just as I had left her; the platinum wires were untouched, and she was in a deep trance, from which I speedily awoke her by "cross-passes." (I have elsewhere published the result of this experiment.)

One of the phenomena which I experienced on this occasion was a great loss of power. I could with difficulty only support myself.

I often experience this at "physical *séances*," and to such an extent that for years I have been obliged to abstain from them altogether. It is also a curious fact that my presence often weakens and sometimes prevents the physical phenomena altogether. It was accordingly arranged that the experiments should be conducted by Mr. Crookes, at his house, and in my absence. We fixed the apparatus and devised various means of making the tests as indisputable as possible.

He has conducted a long series of experiments, taking every precaution he could devise to avoid trickery, intentional or otherwise.

It is simply impossible for even a thoroughly experienced electrician to escape from the electric circuit without producing such an alteration of resistance as would proclaim the fact instantly. The doors and windows were sealed, the rooms were examined before and after the experiments, and yet the phenomena pre-

sented themselves before Mr. Crookes and other gentlemen quite as capable as Dr. Carpenter himself of correctly interpreting them. Any person who doubts Mr. Crookes's ability and accuracy of observation, should read his paper upon the determination of the atomic weight of thallium. Dr. Carpenter himself might study this with advantage.

Dr. Carpenter attacked Mr. Crookes, Dr. Huggins, myself, and others some few years ago in the *Quarterly*, in a manner which drew down upon him a lesson which he seems to have forgotten. He seems to think that he has disposed of us by comparing us with Baron Reichenbach, and he jumps to the conclusion that we have placed faith "in tricky women." Baron Reichenbach published a work describing a new series of forces which accompany electricity, magnetism, chemical action, vitality, which he named Od. Dr. Ashburner, of England, has confirmed many of his statements, and I have experimented with many people who can see these phenomena. Now, I cannot myself see the so-called "flames" that issue from a magnet, but I can generally feel them, either by my hands, or in the region of my spine, even through a thick deal plank; the sensation is like that of a warm current of air playing upon the skin. There are many who are more or less sensitive to these forces.

I am very glad to see that Dr. Carpenter admits the phenomena of "artificial somnambulism" (hypnotism), and of "profound reverie," called "biological." These are merely some of the phenomena known by the more comprehensive term of mesmerism, or by the objectionable term of animal magnetism. As Dr. Carpenter admits these, he is far advanced on the road that leads to psychic forcism and Spiritualism.

If he will experiment upon a good sensitive, he will find that he can demesmerise his patient as rapidly through a brick wall as if there were no wall between them. This I have repeatedly done. Chickens are easily hypnotised, and at different times I have met with three dogs who at *séances* would howl, bark, and run under their owners' chairs when the phenomena were about to begin.

Mr. Crookes has used instrumental means to record the phenomena, so as to eliminate his own mind as much as possible.

Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, did likewise; and I have endeavoured to do so also.

That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence. All those who have closely studied the subject find that these things occur, not only in Europe and America, but also in all other countries, civilised as well as savage. They have not been confined to any one century, but seem to be as old as the human race.

One of the chief difficulties which an inquirer in this country encounters is the necessity of unlearning a great deal which is usually accepted without question.

RECOVERY OF LOST LEASES THROUGH SPIRIT AGENCY, 1872.

(Communicated by A. M. H. W.)

A MONTH or two since, a lady of our acquaintance, Mrs. Harte, asked if we knew any clairvoyant, or medium, who would be likely to obtain information for a friend of hers, Mr. M——, about some lost leases. They were connected with the property of his late father, and very important it was to him to discover the missing documents. Mr. M—— was no Spiritualist, but was anxious, as a last resource for the finding of the leases, to try what could be done by occult means. He sent to Mrs. Harte a seal which had belonged to his late father as a sort of clue to be given to the medium.

We ourselves were not very sanguine as to the result of the inquiry, and felt all the less hopeful about it as the offer of £100 from Mr. M—— to the medium who should be the means of recovering the leases we thought might tend rather to frustrate than to lead to a successful issue.

Mrs. Harte mentioned to us that a friend of hers, "Mrs. Robertson, knew a Mr. Rowse who, though not a professional medium, seemed to have much power, and whom she knew to be a respectable, intelligent working man."

Last evening (June 28, 1872), we received from Mrs. Harte the following particulars. She says:—"I took Mr. M——'s seal to her (Mrs. Robertson) and the first communication received was—'*We will try to find them: a line will suffice* (Signed) WM. CATRY.' After this, at another séance, where Mr. Rowse was much shaken and convulsed, was written—'*Try in Exeter.*' I sent this also to Mr. M——, and at first he thought it sheer nonsense, but he afterwards remembered that there was a Mr. Boyd, an old friend of his father's, living at Exeter (he had become Dean of Exeter), and he wrote to him, and in reply was told that he had a bundle of parchments left in his care by Mr. M——'s father. *Finally, the parcel being opened, the lost leases were discovered, and Mr. M—— has sent the promised reward, £100, to Mrs. Robertson for Mr. Rowse.* Who the spirit William Catry was has not been revealed. Mr. M——, who is not a Spiritualist, attributes the discovery to some occult science or clairvoyance.

"The same day that Mr. M—— got my letter with '*Try in Exeter,*' he got one from his lawyers saying they must give up all chance of recovering the leases and commence a suit in Chancery."

A SEANCE WITH MR. HUSK.

To the Editor of THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

SIR,—While the matter is fresh in my mind, I wish to give you an account of a séance I had last night with a physical medium—one of the few available to London inquirers. Mr. Husk has been a medium for many years; and it is, perhaps, my own fault that I have not had an earlier experience of his remarkable and very satisfactory manifestations.

It came in this way. A patient—a thoughtful student, who, before the break-down of his health, had been a teacher at Rugby—was interested, as every thoughtful man must be, in Spiritualism, but had never seen any manifestations, and we—Mrs. Nichols and I—were desirous of giving him this experience. So we sent for Mr. Husk.

A tall, handsome man, his beauty marred by blindness, but blessed with an intelligent, affectionate wife, who goes with him everywhere—eyes and heart. In spite of his misfortune, Mr. Husk is a heroic medium—a bit too heroic, his wife thought, for once. He was married one Saturday. On Monday he went alone to Paris, and sat for three months with a society for Spiritualistic investigations, where he was liable any day to be arrested and sent to prison. At each séance he received a formal attestation of his attendance. On the last three days this was signed by a stranger who sat next him—the famous prestidigitator JACOB, who had been invited to assist, and, if he could, expose him.

Mrs. Husk, a heroic little woman, brought her husband, and a small kit; a zither of lovely tone for the spirits to play on, some large cards, painted with luminous paint, and an iron bracelet. These were laid upon the table in our séance room, the door was locked, we sat round them, and turned off the gas. There were five of us—Mr. Husk, Mrs. Husk, Mrs. Nichols, Mr. Brooke, and myself. Mrs. Nichols and Mr. Brooke held the two hands of the medium, and also Mrs. Husk's two hands and mine. The two persons on each side of the medium could answer for all the hands.

To us a voice—that of the spirit who calls himself “Irresistible”—was heard. After some conversation, he played delightfully on the zither, first as it lay on the table, then moving about near the ceiling of the room. Then he proposed to put the solid iron

bracelet upon the medium's wrist. We had examined this jointless oval iron ring. It was solid welded iron, about six ounces in weight, and could not possibly be passed over the medium's hand; yet, while that hand was firmly held by Mr. Brooke, it was placed upon Mr. Husk's wrist. I struck a light so that we could all examine it. On putting out the light, he gave his left hand, above which was the ring, to Mrs. Nichols, and while she held it the iron ring was removed, and thrown upon the table. I carefully examined the ring. It was solid, and there was no possible trick. It was "matter through matter."

A knock at the door announced the addition of two persons to our circle—a lady from Princes Garden's Terrace, with her son, just arrived from India. We held hands all round, when a large musical box, on the centre of the table, was wound up, set playing, and then carried through the air high above our heads, and around the room. Then came puffs of cold and highly perfumed air. Then the illuminated cards were carried through the air and laid upon the table, and the materialised hands that carried them shown upon the cards, with the fingers moving. The cards were also held so as to light the faces of the spirits, and to show their outlines in profile. "John King" then appeared above the table with a more vivid light, like the cone of flame from a large lamp, in form, but limited in power, illumining only a narrow circle.

The movements of the large and powerful musical box were controlled by the spirits. It was wound up several times; it stopped in the midst of a tune, went on when requested, played fast, played slow, at my desire. All these things were seen and heard while we seven persons besides the medium were holding each other's hands and his—while every hand was held.

I do not give the conversation, or the private tests to individuals; but I wish to make perfectly clear this fact: that from the putting of the iron ring upon, and its removal from, the wrist of the medium, while his hands were held all through the séance, there was a succession of "impossibilities" which no "conjurer" could have performed, and which no scientist can explain. There could be no better tests or more satisfactory phenomena. Yet it was a "dark séance," given by a "paid medium." Taking the spirit lights and phosphorescent paint into account, the séance was the better for the darkness. And surely no one could grudge the blind medium and his devoted wife the small fee for their time and trouble. We pay a London doctor two guineas for look-

ing at a tongue, feeling a pulse, and writing a *recipe*. Could I do less for a medium who had come some miles with his wife, and through two hours had given us a series of splendid and most genuine and satisfactory manifestations? What I did was to give him, as a token of our entire satisfaction, just double the very modest fee he had considered it proper for him to receive. A barrister gets a hundred or a thousand guineas for a less valuable service.

It is well that mediums who can give free sésances should do so, as it is for people to freely preach the gospel, or heal the sick. Still "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and a fact is not the less valuable because it costs something. There must be some element of expense in every scientific investigation. If a naturalist sells his books, that does not invalidate his observations. I am satisfied that Mr. Husk is an honest and excellent medium.

T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

32 Fopstone Road, London, S.W.

AN HONOURABLE TESTIMONIAL.

(To the Editor of THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.)

SIR,—Perhaps you will please allow me to publicly express to that generous friend to the cause of Spiritualism, Mr. Charles Blackburn, my deep sense of obligation for a most disinterested, considerate, and unparalleled act of kindness to myself, and for which I wish to return him my grateful thanks. The large fortune which Mr. Blackburn has spent in the propagation of the Spiritual movement, his firm faith in the time of darkness, and his continued but unnoticed proofs of his generosity to those who have deserved it, undoubtedly place him in the front rank of the movement, and all classes will join with me in expressing regret that so true a friend to Spiritualism, and still a firm believer, should have ceased to take an active part in the movement for reasons of age, which we all deplore.—Yours faithfully,

W. EGLINTON.

3rd October, 1883.

[We have much pleasure in giving the above testimonial, gracefully offered and well deserved, and hope to be able soon to give other evidences of Mr. Blackburn's enlightened zeal in promoting scientific research in this direction. We may also take the occasion to congratulate investigators upon the fact that the very remarkable powers of Mr. Eglinton, of which we have had experience for several years, are once more available.]

"SPIRIT INTERCOURSE IS UNLAWFUL."

SO think many, and so thought a lady, signing herself "Rustica," in a letter to the *Evening Standard*, about twenty years ago—but not so thought the late William Howitt, the sturdy defender of Spiritualism at that time. In a letter to the same paper, he thus meets "Rustica's" objection to Spiritualism:—

A friend has drawn my attention to a letter signed "Rustica" in your impression of Wednesday last. "Rustica" is in great trouble on account of the breaches of the Mosaic law by Spiritualists. The texts which she quotes, and which she thinks binding on us, because they are in the Jewish law, are quite correct as far as they go; but if "Rustica" imagines that we here in England, in 1863, are living under the Jewish law, I am bound to add to her trouble by bringing to her knowledge a number of other breaches of it. For if we are to be Jews and not Christians, we must take the Jewish law altogether. It is not a law which allows of picking and choosing, cutting a cudgel out of its wood to break our neighbour's head, and leaving another because it would break our own. One of the most striking characteristics of this law is, that it demands a total acceptance of it and obedience to it. Here I quote, for the benefit of "Rustica" and all such ardent Israelites, the concluding words of Moses himself, after having recapitulated the entire provisions of this code: "Cursed be he that confirmeth not *all* the words of this law to do them" (Deut. xxvii. 26).

Now as I take it, from the name she has assumed, that "Rustica" is a lady living in the country, and that she is, no doubt, a grave matron, having a husband, a troop of active lads, and a number of men and maid-servants; in fact, that she is living as the lady of some good country house—I will point out to her what she has to do to show us that she is honest and in earnest, and how, in short, she must act to get rid of her sorrows over the breaches of the Jewish law. And in doing this, she must excuse me using some very plain words, because as she is a zealous stickler for the Jewish law, and therefore, undoubtedly has it read daily in her family, this phraseology must be very familiar to her, and by no means offensive to her ears polite.

Well, then, what she has to do is, to send at once for the family surgeon, and have her husband, her boys, and all her man-servants, subjected to the greatest of Jewish rites. This rite is perfectly indispensable under the Jewish law both in Jews and in Gentiles. Every servant and "stranger within the gates" is bound to submit to it. Let "Rustica" turn for proofs of this to Genesis xvii. 10, and to the rest of that chapter.

As soon as her husband recovers from the effects of this rite, "Rustica" will, of course, desire to see him inferior to none of the patriarchs in all Hebrew customs, and she will, therefore, have to look out for three or four additional wives for him and bring them home, and as many fair handmaids for concubines. For the propriety of this she may consult the history of the patriarchs generally.

But having now made a very good Jew, and a most exemplary patriarch of her husband, "Rustica" will unfortunately find that she has not brought, by any means, the whole of the exacting law into operation. Leviticus xvii. 10-14 will start up and inform her that every man who has eaten flesh with the blood in it must be cut off from his people; and as in this un-Israelitish nation no man can have reached manhood, nor even boyhood, without eating black-puddings, fowls that have had their necks wrung instead of their throats cut, and hares strangled in nooses by poachers instead of being shot, "Rustica" will have nothing for it but to muster all the sturdy clowns of her parish, and make them haul away her husband, her sons, and her men-servants to the village green, and there "cut them off from their people" by the Mosaic mode of stoning them to death.

But "Rustica," as the vindicator of the Mosaic law, cannot stop here. This law is equally decisive against all who have gathered sticks on a Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath (Numbers xv. 32-36). "Rustica" will, therefore, have to assemble all the old women who have been guilty of the deadly sin of gathering sticks on a Saturday. She will have no possible escape from this; for the texts referred to are most peremptory on the subject, and relate the summary infliction of the sentence on a man caught in the act.

Having dispatched all the old women and a good many children of the parish for gathering sticks, she will have then to deal with the "presumptuous persons" there (Numb. xv. 30). "The soul that doeth aught presumptuously (whether he be born in the land or a stranger), the same reproacheth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people." The next verse says, he "shall be utterly cut off." By the time she has dispatched the presumptuous—and I am afraid she will find the number great, unless her parish be much more humble-minded than parishes in general—she would have the blasphemers and cursers on her hands, and they must all be put to death (Lev. xiv. 11-16). All these being added to the gory stony heap, the disobedient to parents, and those whose parents said they were gluttons and drunkards, will have to be stoned too (Deut. xxi. 18, 20, 21).

By this time "Rustica" will have brought her family and her parish to a tolerably pretty pass in carrying out the Mosaic law; nay, if she insist on its orderly execution, I doubt she will not have left a single soul—man, woman, or child—alive; for "the

stiff-necked and uncircumcised generation," the eaters of black-puddings, of strangled hares, of hens and pullets with twisted necks, the gatherers of sticks on a Saturday, the cursers and disobedient, the drunkards and gluttons, make so formidable a portion of ordinary population, that the man who escapes "Rustica's" zeal for the Mosaic law must be more than mortal.

But, as long before the consummation of this catastrophe—the result of an attempt to inaugurate the Jewish code in this Gentile country—"Rustica" would herself be arrested, tried and condemned for manifold capital offences against English law, and would be on the way to the gallows. No doubt the good chaplain would inform her of another book besides the Old Testament, a book called the *New Testament*, a *new* and very different law called Christianity—which "Rustica," living in some very rustic place, seems never to have heard of, or if she has, does not happen to mention.

A VISION.

(To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL RECORD.)

SIR,—Some years ago I was attending in Hampshire Sir John Gardner, who had been a good mesmerist previous to his illness, when I received a letter requesting me to give a consultation respecting a serious case. I had only a lock of hair for establishing the *rapport*. On this occasion Sir John mesmerised me. In the clairvoyant state I gave a minute description of the case, and said that magnetism alone would save her. A few days after I received a telegram from the Baron Podmaniezki asking if I could come to Hungary at once to attend the Baroness. I left London on a Thursday night for Pesth. On the way I met Prince Wasa, who wished me to stop at Dresden, but I felt I must go on without stopping. I arrived on a Sunday afternoon. Seeing the Baroness suffering from typhoid fever, I felt I had arrived too late for doing any good, gave my opinion to the Baron, and went to bed in very low spirits. I could not sleep. In the middle of the night I saw an angel above my head, who said:—"Why do you fret, my child? You saw in England that you would cure this lady; you will do so. Magnetise with your usual quietness." I got up better in mind, went to the Baroness, mesmerised her with my usual faith and hope, and she felt so much benefit from the first mesmerisation that she dated her recovery from it, although she was mesmerised twenty-six times. It was not a dream, it was a vision. The voice was very sweet and gentle. It had a great effect on me, and I told it to every one at the time.—Yours very truly,

ADOLPHE DIDIER,
5 Rue du Mont-Dore, Paris.

“IT IS ALL OF THE DEVIL.”

WHEN the Pharisees were driven from all their other objections to the excellent works and miracles of Jesus, they blasphemed, saying, *He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils; it is all of the Devil—have nothing to do with it.* Had they any proof that it was of the Devil? Not one particle. Had they any decent reason to suspect any such thing? Not one. Did they really believe it was of the Devil? Not at all. Were they not under strong conviction that Jesus and His works were of God? Yes. Why then did they blaspheme? Because their hearts and their heads were perverse. They were driven to the wall for a pretext. They were filled with vexation and madness. Therefore, they wilfully and presumptuously ascribed the manifestations of the Divine and spiritual power to the Devil. Thus they sinned against the Holy Ghost, bound themselves over in bonds of judicial blindness to ages of unescapeable darkness and condemnation. The Pharisees of our day are imitating those of old. *It is all of the Devil*, say they. But they say not this till after they have said everything else, and been forced to confess the reality of supermortal agency. If they could have made it appear that these spirit manifestations were caused by any agency in this world of flesh and blood, they would never have ascribed them to the Devil. Nor do they now believe that they really are of the Devil. If they sincerely believed this, they would hail them as God-sent, or at least God-permitted, demonstrations to a sceptical generation, that there is, beyond denial, such a deific Devil as their theology assumes to teach. And if, withal, the revelations, miracles, and general influence of this demonstration had been obviously *devilish*, they would have been quite satisfied. Alas! for them there is too much of *truth and good* in it to give it an *infernal aspect*. Bold as their tone is, they are by no means sure that it is the work of the Devil. An irresistible conviction plagues them that it is what it purports to be. It is ominous to them of an approaching religious, moral, and social revolution to which they are utterly opposed. This is what troubles them. This is what provokes them to say, for sheer effect, “It is all of the Devil; have nothing to do with it.” They have no honest assurance that it is of the Devil. But they hate and dread its testimony. So, being in too perverse a state of head and heart to give it a respectful examination, they shut their eyes, stop their ears, trample on the light proffered them, and cry out, “Devil! Devil! it is all the work of the Devil; have nothing to do with it.”—*Adin Ballou.*

GOD as unseen is known on no other terms than Man as unseen. So much of God we presume to know, and trust to go on learning to eternity.—*William White.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We beg to assure our friend, who writes with so much concern for our welfare in the *Herald of Progress*, that Cardinal Manning does not edit the SPIRITUAL RECORD, that it does not enjoy the patronage of the General of the Jesuits, and has not had so far the *imprimatur* of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. As Spiritualists, we wish to exercise charity toward people of every faith and denomination; and spiritual manifestations interest us everywhere, whether among Buddhists, Romanists, or Methodists. If we have mentioned more manifestations among Catholics it is because they are more widely known, and naturally come first to hand. Protestants, as a rule, insist that spiritual manifestations ceased with the Apostles. Roman Catholics declare that they have continued with great power, and in multitudes of cases, to the present day. Naturally we do not look for them among Protestants, as such, and we find plenty of them, more or less authenticated, among Catholics. Shall we, as Spiritualists, reject them because we have prejudices against Popery, or Jesuitism on the brain? Are we to denounce the only denomination in Christendom that really believes in actual present-day miracles? Really, we do not see any reason for being so unreasonable.

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"Twelve Months in an English Prison, by Mrs. Susan Willis Fletcher," is announced as nearly ready for publication by a publishing firm in Boston, U.S.A. We shall have at last the truth of what is called the "Fletcher Case," with an account of the trial and imprisonment of as innocent a woman as ever suffered martyrdom, when women were burnt at Smithfield. Mrs. Fletcher, one of the best mediums we have ever known, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the Tothill Fields Prison—a place so utterly bad, so grievously unhealthy, that it has since been abandoned by the Government. The result has been a year of suffering so intense that for months she has not been able to move herself in bed. We are glad to learn that she is now a little better, and was able to attend one of the Spiritualist Camp Meetings with evident benefit. The book now announced will not only be her triumphant vindication, but is, we learn, a record of the most remarkable Spiritual manifestations.

Some of these manifestations, which occurred during Mrs. Fletcher's imprisonment, were of a very extraordinary character. We have seen a letter written in her cell in prison at night, which was received by the person to whom it was written, at the same hour, in a séance, about two miles distant. The letter, now in our possession, is certainly in Mrs. Fletcher's hand-writing. It was certainly delivered and read in the hour at which it was dated, in another quarter of London.

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Such a fact is pretty strong, but there are much stronger ones in the forthcoming record, which are thoroughly attested. A letter written by Mrs. Fletcher in her cell was on the same day received by a friend, to whom it was addressed, in Calcutta, Hindostan—six thousand miles away. The gentleman, well known to us, who received this letter, got a stronger test if possible, and a greater marvel. He put his mark and wrote a few words upon a sheet of note paper in Calcutta. It was taken away, and shortly after, within a few hours, returned to him with a long letter written upon it by Mrs. Fletcher, dated from her prison cell. The gentleman referred to is Mr. J. G. Meugens, of the Manor House, Penge, S.E., and 3 Church Lane, Calcutta, merchant, member of the Council of the Central Association of Spiritualists, who stated the facts to many persons in London, and publicly at his late visit to America, and there can be no doubt of their accuracy. We cannot doubt that the "Twelve Months in an English Prison" will make a very marked sensation on both sides of the Atlantic.

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Every Spiritualist journal advises the formation of private family circles, in which there can be no question of fraud. In this way some of the most powerful and satisfactory mediums we have known have been discovered or developed. One of the best was a member of an entirely sceptical Secularist family, which held sittings as a matter of experiment.

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There are no formalities. It is simply to sit "in the quiet," as spiritually-minded Quakers say, and wait for what comes. If the medial element is present, there will come manifestations when the circle is duly harmonised. It may be necessary to change places—perhaps to introduce new members. Of course there may be failure, but in many cases—we cannot say in what proportion—there is success.

Probably in every group of ten or twelve persons, about equally divided as to sex, some one will be found to have more or less of some form of mediumship or impressibility, who can be prepared for clairvoyance, for trance-speaking, or to be a medium of physical manifestations.

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Have no excitement, and try for perfect composure and passivity. Don't be too eager, or in a hurry, or disappointed. "The patient waiter is never the loser," and "everything comes to him who knows how to wait." Silence, leading to intensity of thought, is unfavourable to spirit manifestation. Light, friendly chat, without argument or controversy, is better than silence, and music, especially singing, in which all can join, has a very soothing, harmonising, and favourable influence. Sit regularly, at the same time, in the same place, and when felt to be favourable, keeping the same relative positions. If they are not pleasant, change until they are.

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When there are manifestations and spirits find means of expression as in answering questions by raps, they will show how the circle may be made most favourable. Often they change the positions of several sitters. Ask, "Shall A. change places with B. ? —with C. ?—with D. ;" and so on until you get "yes" to "All right?"

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When a successful circle is formed, it is safest not to introduce a stranger without the permission not only of its members, but of the spirits. The machinery is delicate, and a very little will throw it out of gear. Spirits are most anxious to help all they can, and do not refuse a sitter without good reason. One bad sitter may stop all manifestations—and his retiring may be celebrated by a shower of jubilant raps or rockings. The qualities most objectionable are opinionated sceptical obstructiveness. When a shallow pated egotist has made up what he calls his mind, there is little use in spirits in or out of the body trying to change it, and it don't matter. When such people get through this life, they will have plenty of time to find out the reality of another.

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So of people so stupid as not to care for facts, or those who have so little of the logical faculty that facts make no impression. It is also useless to trouble about men who think the fact of a life beyond the grave is of less importance than the price of cotton or

stocks. Worldly men are not likely to be concerned about any form of other-worldliness. The conventional and respectable Pharisees and Philistines are not likely to be interested in anything not orderly, orthodox, and thoroughly respectable.

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"The life that now is" certainly needs attending to. We read in Dr. Tripe's Report of his work as Medical Officer of Health in the Hackney district, East London, that 12,055 nuisances were abated in 1881, and 13,753 in 1882. Fancy one district of the Metropolis with twenty-five thousand nuisances detrimental to health! Is it wonderful that human spirits, brought into such conditions, should be in a hurry to get out of them? The work of all philanthropists and reformers is to give to every human soul the best practicable conditions. It is a crime to shorten life, simply because this life has important uses. If Dr. Tripe deserves credit for lowering the death-rate of his district, what of those who have raised it by their neglect?

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A lady of Massachusetts, Mrs. Bradford, of Hyannis, is said, in the *Banner of Light*, to have some weeks ago remained in a state of apparent unconsciousness for twenty years. Recently she fell into a similar condition for a week. Several physicians who visited and examined her expressed the opinion—"that it was not a trance, but a sort of spiritualistic phenomenon, which they, as members of the medical fraternity, could not account for." Considering the immense number of things that physicians cannot account for, and the very few upon the nature or causes of which they are agreed, this was a remarkably sagacious conclusion.

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"Matter through matter!" Has any physicist solved this problem, or made one step toward the explanation of an astounding, but by no means uncommon, phenomenon. When a solid iron ring was put on Mr. Husk's wrist the other night, while his hand was held by a stranger beside him, it was "matter through matter." Either the solid iron went through the bones, tendons, arteries, veins, and nerves of his wrist, or these went through solid iron. Professor Zöllner and his fellow professors at Leipzig had the same experience when a ring expressly turned for them from solid wood was placed upon the single pillar leg of a table, where it was photographed, and still remains.

"Matter through matter" also expresses the conditions of the astounding phenomenon of knots tied on an endless cord. Professor Zöllner photographed the cord on which three common single knots, each involving the passage of the cord through itself, were tied in the presence of Dr. Slade. Dr. Nichols, repeating the experiment in London with William Eglinton, had five knots tied upon an endless cord under the most perfect test conditions. Zöllner made some curious speculations about a "fourth dimension of space" in which such things might not be so wonderfully impossible; but for most persons the idea of a "fourth dimension" would be an added difficulty.

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"Matter through matter" can have no difficulties for spirits, whatever may be their relations to space. Spirit séances are full of such phenomena. You hold the hand of a medium, and find the chair which was standing beside you—your own solid chair, free from all suspicion of trickery—hanging on your arm. Either the chair went through the arm or the arm through the chair. There remained the hypothesis of an unconscious momentary separation of the two hands, which would be another marvel to be accounted for. Dr. Nichols settled that question, at least for himself and those who witnessed the experiment, by tying the two wrists together with fine cotton thread. All the same the chair, one of his own that chanced to be nearest, was seen hanging upon the arm, and the thread which tied the two wrists over the clasped hands was cut away because it could not be untied.

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It is not strange that men of science (so-called) do not like to bother themselves with more matters they cannot understand, when the common everyday phenomena of nature are utterly unaccounted for. After centuries of observation all the learned men in Europe cannot tell me whether I shall need my umbrella next Wednesday. Huxley, Tyndall, and all the savans are as ignorant as any clodhopper of the causes of earthquakes, water-spouts, showers of frogs and fish, or a good or bad harvest. Even the omniscient Proctor is sometimes at fault, though we cannot remember that he ever confessed it.

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It is not strange that most men of science "fight shy" of Spiritualism. With so many things they cannot account for, why

burthen themselves with more? One thing, however, scientific men are not guilty of—they do not talk pompously about “the known laws of nature.” That phrase of blatant ignorance they leave to Bow Street magistrates and Old Bailey judges. Newton is said to have discovered gravitation, but boys that lived before Noah knew that stones and apples would fall as well as Newton, and how they were made to fall Newton knew just as little as they.

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Given a waterspout, a thousand tons of water may go up into the clouds, with fish and frogs. In a week or so they may come down, hundreds of miles away—frogs, fish, and water. The facts have been observed often enough—but not even the editor of *Knowledge* has told us how frogs and fish are kept up in the clouds—“contrary to the known laws of nature.”

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The way to become a real philosopher is to think over the thousands of things of which you know nothing, and which you cannot account for. The most thoroughly scientific man is the one who knows best how much he is ignorant of and how much it is impossible for him to understand. Learned men are modest from this consciousness of their ignorance. The bumptious fellows who pretend to know everything are quacks and impostors.

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What becomes of the spirits of wife-beaters? There should be a henpecked realm where they can get proper discipline. There are, we believe, countries in the world where women do rougher work than they are required or permitted to do in England, but we doubt if there is a civilised, enlightened, Christian country where they are so badly treated. Surely there must be compensations.

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Our venerable and also indefatigable friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, communicates to *Light* some remarkable proofs of spirit-identity. In one case he received a message through D. D. Home from the spirit of a daughter of the late Robert Chambers, which she wished to be given to her father. Mr. Hall declined, as it related to a family matter of some delicacy, to do so without some test. The spirit gave him two words, which Mr. Chambers at once recognised. In another case the spirit of a young man, who said he had just died at Cambridge, wished to send a message to his father. Mr. Hall wrote as desired, and received no response, but found the death of the young man recorded in the *Times*, with all the particulars, just as he had received them.

Mr. Hall gives also the case of a message received through an American medium, Colchester, from his own brother, relating to an incident of their boyhood, utterly impossible to have been known to the medium. So with Home, a spirit, announcing himself as Mr. Hall's father, said, "The last time we met in Cork you pulled my tail." Colonel Hall, like all officers of the period, wore the regulation pig-tail, which his son, then a boy, had playfully pulled.

There is no end to these proofs of spirit-identity—the more familiar and trifling the better, because the least likely to be known and counterfeited by other spirits. And here is the great difficulty as to identity. We have no question that some spirit speaks to us. Our only doubt is whether it is *the* spirit it professes to be. The best proof of this may seem most trivial, but may be really the most satisfactory.

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We learn from American journals that a Spiritualist Camp Meeting Committee has decided not to allow of the discussion of the Free Love questions upon their platform. This may be prudent—but is it quite practicable? Suppose, for example, some tricky Spirit, controlling an entranced medium, should choose to go on about it, either as advocate or opponent, what would they do? Would they gag the unconscious medium to silence the Spirit, or, as in other cases, make clamour enough—say by shouting for the space of three hours or so, to prevent him or her from being heard? It is a vexed question, no doubt, and one that might cause scandal; but on the other hand, it is hard to prevent any question of human interest from being discussed—and how are people to decide either for or against any theory or practice until they know something about it?

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The answer will doubtless be that there are proper times and places for all kinds of discussions, and that a Spiritualist platform is not the place to discuss questions of politics, political economy or morals. But suppose the Spirits, who probably occupy their share of the time, and who may be as anxious to put forward their views as any still embodied mortals, are of a different opinion. Suppose they think they are the best judges of what it is proper for them to say, and for us to hear. Fancy a chairman calling a Spirit to order—or, like the Speaker of the House of Commons, commanding a Spiritual Bradlaugh to leave the House. Will the

Sergeant-at-Arms expel the Spirit?—and what will he do with the unconscious medium? Clearly it is a case for exorcism, and the ritual for the expulsion of unruly Spirits should be in readiness.

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In our calm, cold-blooded Britain, we have happily none of these difficulties. The Spirits are too discreet to meddle with unpopular or unsavoury topics. Our Spiritualist meetings are generally opened with singing hymns, reading the Scriptures, sometimes with prayer, and are conducted, as a rule, with admirable discretion. Possibly some views may be put forth which a strict Calvinist might consider heterodox. There may be rather broad-church Spirits and Spiritualists; but we have never heard of any objectionable doctrines in morals. Spirits are, perhaps, a little radical in politics, nearly as much so as was the late Lord Beaconsfield in his earlier novels—but we cannot recall any Spirit-teachings on marriage, divorce, or “the social evil.” All that is left for Secular speakers and newspapers.

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One might, however, have a reasonable curiosity as to Spirit-teachings on the population question, for example. Does the late Rev. Mr. Malthus still hold the opinions set forth in his remarkable volumes—rather dull reading, but remarkable for the apprehensions they have excited and the discussions they have provoked? One would also like to hear again from Swedenborg. It is said in Selden's *Table Talk* that “of all actions of man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.” But it is clear that Selden has no idea of heredity. All society—the community and the State—the present, and still more the future, is deeply concerned in every marriage. Take a Royal Marriage, for example; or that of the heir of a Peerage, or the inheritor of a great estate. How much may result from the character of the fathers and mothers of “our kings to be”!

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The truth is that people know what really interests them, without knowing how they know it, better than the philosophers. It was shown not long ago by some American researches that one pair of criminals in the State of New York had filled its prisons with some hundreds of persons inheriting their proclivities. We may not be able to prevent such marriages, but we are certainly interested parties. We may not quite see our way to interfere,

except by the slow and general processes of education, and of sanitary and moral influences. Our opinion is that the assurance of a life to come will do more to regulate morals than all the restraints of manners and laws. Everything is changed to one who is convinced that he will live forever, and that he must "work out his own salvation."

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There are two immoral doctrines in popular theologies—doctrines, at least, which have led, and we think are liable to lead, to immoral results. One is the doctrine of "grace," or "imputed righteousness," as taught by Luther, which led in his own day, and if we can believe in his *Table Talk*, in his own practice, to great irregularities of conduct; the other is the doctrine of Eternal Decrees, or Fatalism, as taught by Calvin. A man who believes that he is saved—whatever he does, or that whatever he *may* do he is certain to be damned, is equally in a dangerous condition. Of course all are not influenced in this way, though professedly Lutherans or Calvinists; but then all are not logical. From a strictly moral point of view it seems better to believe that our future condition will be influenced by "the deeds done in the body."

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Love and marriage in the Spirit-world is naturally, and perhaps supernaturally, an interesting subject, and largely dealt with by Spiritualistic writers—as, for example, by Swedenborg, who had some remarkable revelations. It is said—"They neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels." Unhappily we do not know much about the conditions of angels. That good Spirits love each other, that bad ones hate, is only a way of describing qualities. Infinite goodness is infinite love.

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Like seeking like, good Spirits must attract each other—but bad ones also congregate—perhaps because not utterly bad. As there is said to be "honour among thieves," as the worst criminals may be friendly and kind to each other, may not these be redeeming qualities, which may lead to their complete redemption? We gladly recognise the possibility of perfect goodness or perfect love. We cannot easily conceive of utter wickedness and hate.

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If the tendency of the Spiritual universe be toward the infinitely

good, then all must reach it, whatever process of purification and progress may be required. The loss of the lost must be temporary. Eternal progress in evil, from bad to worse, is scarcely conceivable, nor can it be easily reconciled with the idea of Infinite Benevolence and Omnipotence. Useless suffering and *endless* punishment are so contrary to human ideas and feelings, that we wonder how they ever gained even a formal assent.

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The Mystery of Evil we may hope some time to fathom. It weighs upon us all. The Christian says, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." "Whatever is, is right." The idea of a Father Almighty includes Fatherhood and Almightiness—Infinite Love exercising Infinite Power, or Infinite Power moved by Infinite Love, which is not consistent with needless evil, useless suffering, or endless misery. The mystery is that such things should be taught or believed.

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Materialism also has its difficulties. Matter, which has been eternally existing and active, does everything, and is responsible for all that has been and will be. Elemental atoms, according to Prof. Tyndall, contain in them all the potencies of life. The forces with which atoms attract and repel each other, made the universe, and man, and all his thoughts and feelings. All sciences and all religions, all notions of heaven, earth, and hell, have come of the play of atoms, eternally at work, which had no beginning and can have no end, so that all men and all their thoughts, feelings, and works are the inevitable products of atomic action. Thus Mr. Bradlaugh, a consistent, philosophical materialist, denies freedom of the will, moral responsibility, or the power of any man—Sir Stafford Northcote, for example—to do otherwise than he is doing, the whole matter having been finally settled from all eternity by the atomic forces of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, etc., etc. No doubt it is difficult for men atomically constituted like Mr. Bradlaugh to believe in God or Spirits, but it is also not very easy for some of us to believe in the infinite powers of atoms.

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The Spiritual Record can be sent all over Europe and America for *One Penny*. Civilisation has given us this means of perfecting itself. It costs no more to send the *Record* to San Francisco, at the "golden gates" of the Pacific Ocean, than in any district in

Glasgow or London. This is progress and a means of progress. Why should we not have our modest wish of a thousand subscribers in America, when it costs no more to send the *Record* there than to the nearest village? And with so much of progress what can hinder more?

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The Publisher of the *Spiritual Record* ought to be very thankful to a Glasgow "Nut-Cracker" for opening a correspondence in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*, on the merits and mode of production of "*Hafed, Prince of Persia*." The attack was followed by seven letters, giving to great numbers of people some of the remarkable facts of its production and illustration. It is, of course, open to every one to form his own opinion as to the truth of the narrative, but that it was given through a medium quite incapable, of himself, of producing it, and illustrated with direct spirit-drawings and writings, there seems to be abundant evidence. The result, we may hope, will be inquiry, and of that enlightenment.

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The *Record* gets many compliments from amiable readers and journalists, but seldom a prettier one than from *The Cornubian*, a specially wide-awake newspaper in Cornwall, which calls it "a charming Spiritualist monthly." That is a delightful designation, which we thoroughly appreciate, and shall endeavour to "live up to," as the æsthetic lady and gentleman in *Punch* resolved to do with reference to their precious teapot.

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Thought and Love should be immortal. "All things once are things forever," a poet has written. There are reasons for believing that every loving spirit lives on—that all spirits are immortal. The poor Indian is not alone in thinking that—

"Admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Spirits of dogs and birds have manifested in spirit circles, and there is reason to believe that all thinking beings go on progressing to a higher life.

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The Medium and Daybreak says the London Spiritualists have saved several pounds the past summer by holding out-of-door meetings—speaking in the Parks on fine Sundays. But there are difficulties, especially with trance-speakers, whom the *Medium*

and *Daybreak* exhorts "not to make any personal avowal of being a spirit," and to "carefully abstain from taxing the credulity of an audience. The question of spirit-control should not be brought forward when spirit-presence cannot be demonstrated." All this, of course, is addressed to the controlling spirits, who, we trust, will attend to these directions, and govern themselves and their mediums accordingly.

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Miss Booth and her fellow officers of the Salvation Army were acquitted at Geneva. Drums and trumpets have triumphed so far—and it is a simple question of adaptation of means to ends. The Methodists of Wesley and his fellow-workers were noisy and disorderly—but they did their work. George Fox and the early Quakers were horribly persecuted—even by the New England Puritans. But they did *their* work. If Salvation Armies are necessary to empty the grog shops and purify the slums, then success to the Booths and the Army.

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And if Moody and Sankey, with their corrugated Iron Tabernacle, and £6000 for preliminary expenses, can purify the slums of London, then *vive* Moody and Sankey, who are Spiritualists after their own peculiar oratorical and melodious fashion. We have better preachers and singers than Moody and Sankey, no doubt; but, as the proof of the pudding is the eating, the proof of preaching and singing is the effect it produces upon those who hear them.

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The Revision of the Old Testament is nearly completed. There will be some curiosity, of course, to see what changes have been made by the revisers, but there will be no such run upon it, as there was upon the revised New Testament. The sale of that has now, we learn, almost ceased, and some booksellers have large stocks they cannot hope to get rid of. We hear of an "Authorised Version," but that is only *un façon de parler*. There is no authorised Protestant Bible, because there is no authority which can authorise. The King James' version has been accepted, because supposed to be the best. With the right of private judgment, every man can translate or interpret to suit himself, and say, "Deliver us from Evil," or "the Evil One," as he considers most convenient.